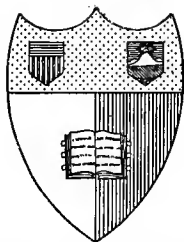


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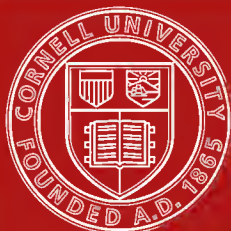
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Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM

by
William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., PH.D., D.LITT.

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.
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A Midsommer Nights Dreame.

FOREWORDS.

SHAKSPERE began his Comedies with a mixture of French Court life and English peasants in *Loves Labors Lost*, and then turned to Latin drama for his second play, *The Comedie of Errors*. For his (probably) third comedy, *Midsommer Nights Dreame*, he came back to England, and blended Greek Court life, as he imagined it, with the humours of the Warwickshire country folk among whom he had been born and bred, and the fairy-lore which he had learnt in his Stratford home, and of the old people with whom he had gossipt. These he combined into a whole, which, though weak as a drama, is so full of poetic beauties and charming fancies, of delightful humour and cheery merriment, that many critics insist on its belonging to a later period in the playwright's career. But structurally and metrically the comedy belongs to Shakspeare's early time of mistaken identity and cross purposes, of more than two sets of lovers, of ryme and of doggerel, before he had settled down to Italian story for the sources of his lighter plays. Even if Titania's account in II. i. 81-117, of the effect of the storms of wind and rain are held to apply to those of 1594 described by Stowe in his *Annales*, ed. 1605, p. 1274-5, 1277-8,—as well as by Bp. King and Simon Forman—the latter date cannot alter the family-tie which binds the *Dreame* to the *Errors* and *L. L. Lost*.

As our old Trinity-Hall tutor, Sir Henry (then Mr.) Maine, showed in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1848, "the fairies are the primary conception of the piece, and their action the main action. Shakspeare wished to represent this fanciful creation in contact with two strongly marked extremes of human nature; the instruments by which they influence them being, aptly enough, in one case the ass's head, in the other the 'little

A Midsummer Nights Dreame.

western flower.' It is necessary to this idea that the two actions of the heroes and the artisans should be considered completely subordinate, and their separate relations among themselves as not having been created relatively to the whole piece, but principally to the intended action of the fairies upon them. . . . The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a drama on the night of Midsummer Day, a night sanctified to the operations of fairies, as Hallowe'en was to those of witches . . . and by far the most important division [of the play] comprehends all the transactions of the Midsummer Night: its action is carefully restricted to the duration of these twelve witching hours, Oberon having, as he says, to perform all before 'the first cock crow.'” The whims of the fairies rule the fates of the mortals in this play; the quarrels of the lovers spring from Oberon's and Titania's quarrel, and their happiness flows from the reconciliation of the fancy beings. Not thus does Shakspeare use the creatures of his imagination in later life when, in the *Tempest*, he makes them the servants of Prospero for the purposes of good.

Theseus, though lightly sketcht, is a true gentleman, as his words about the workmen's play in V. i. 81-105 show; and in love of sport he is rightly matcht with Hippolita, as their delight in the music of the cry of hounds testifies, IV. i. 107-129. Bottom is a gem, with his amusing self-sufficiency and muddleheadedness; and his fellow-mechanicals have each their individual touch. The play is Stratford all through, in woodland, flower, and country lore. Helena and Hermia, the tall and short boys in Shakspeare's company—seen again, tho' perhaps not the same ones, in Rosalind and Celia, and the short one in Maria—are Stratford girls, needle-working and singing together, the little temperry one threatening to scratch the tall one's eyes. These country damsels are earlier in Shakspeare's work than a lady like Portia, earlier than Sylvia and Julia, the latter of whom could never have cald her friend a painted maypole. The funny notion of the earth being bored, and the moon creeping thru it to disturb folk in the Antipodes, may have been taken from a passage and woodcut in Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' in which stones dropt from either pole of the world would meet in the middle of it. Tho' Theseus says that four days and nights are to pass before his wedding, only the two nights of

Forewords.

April 29 and 30, and the three days of April 29 and 30 and May 1 do so pass, tho' the fairies stop with the married couple till the break of the fourth day, May 2.¹ Mr. Fleay thinks that the play was written for the marriage of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, with Elizabeth Vere, the Earl of Oxford's daughter, on Jan. 26, 1595. At their marriage feast then most royally kept (see Stowe's *Annales*, p. 1279), if the *Dreame* had been performed, I think Stowe would have noted it.

The best Quarto of the *Midsommer Nights Dreame* is the first, issued by Thomas Fisher in 1600, and entered in the Stationers' Company's Register on "8 Octobris, Thomas Fysshier. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Master Rodes / and the Wardens. A booke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame. vj^d."—Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 174. Its titlepage is given below. Evidently later in 1600, James Roberts printed and published the second Quarto of the play, in better type, with fuller stage-directions and more exits, but with more mistakes, tho' it corrected a few of the blunders of Q1. From this worse Q2, the play was printed in the First Folio, and that was re-printed, with a few variations, in the second Folio, 1632, the third, 1664, and the fourth, 1685. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions the *Dreame* as one of Shakspeare's Comedies. The plot of the *Dreame*, such as it is, was Shakspeare's own. He got Oberon from Lord Berners's englisht *Huon of Burdeaux* (Early English Text Soc. ed. Lee, see p. 50), the name Titania from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* iii. 173 and Arthur Golding's translation of it, where Titania is a name of Diana. Puck (pooke, pixy) was the name he gave the Robin Goodfellow of English fairy-lore, of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584 (ed. Nicholson 1886, p. 67, 122), and Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594. Theseus and Hippolita came from North's englisht of Amiôt's French translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, as well as the names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Ægles, Ariadne and Antiope, *Dreame* II. i. 78-80 (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, p. 15-16, 28-37); and Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* must have been also in Shakspeare's mind when he was writing of Theseus and Hippolita, and of Philostrate, the name that Arcite

¹ See P. A. Daniel's paper in *Trans. New Sh. Soc.* 1877-9, p. 147.

A Midsommer Nights Dreame.

took when he went to Athens after he got his freedom. The love-juice he may have derived a hint of from the MS. of the englisht Montemayor's *Diana*, printed in 1598, which he probably used in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakspeare's compliment in II. i. 148-168 to Queen Elizabeth, and his allusions to Mary, Queen of Scots, to her backers, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and to Leicester's failure to win his Queen, are displayd on a background described in Laneham's Letter on Leicester's Entertainment to Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575¹ and in Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

¹ See the re-issue of my edition in Chatto & Windus's *Shakespeare Library*.

[not in Q, or F.]

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

(A star *) to a scene means that the Actor is in it, but does not speak.)

THESEUS, Duke of Athens (betrothd to **HIPPOLITA**), I.i.1, p. 1; IV.i.102, p. 46; V.i.2, p. 52.

EGEUS, father of **HERMIA**, I.i.20, p. 2; IV.i.127, p. 47.

LYSANDER, loving, & lov'd by, **HERMIA**, I.i.93, p. 4; II.ii.35, 103, pp. 20, 22; III.ii.122, 401, pp. 33, 41; IV.i.140, p. 48; V.i.30, p. 53.

DEMETRIUS, loving, but not lov'd by, **HERMIA**, tho lov'd by **HELENA**, I.i.91, p. 3; II.i.188, p. 16; II.ii.85, p. 21; III.ii.43, 137, 404, pp. 31, 33, 41; IV.i.159, p. 48; V.i.152, p. 56.

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to **THESEUS**, I.i.* p. 1; V.i.38, p. 53.

HIPPOLITA, Queens of the Amazones, betrothd to **THESEUS**, I.i.7, p. 1; IV.i.111, p. 47; V.i.1, 207, pp. 52, 58.

HERMIA, **EGEUS**' daughter, in love with **LYSANDER**, I.i.53, p. 2; II.ii.39, 145, pp. 20, 23; III.ii.45, 177, 442, pp. 31, 34, 42; IV.i.188, p. 49; V.i.* p. 52.

HELENA (**NEDARS** daughter), in love with **DEMETRIUS**, I.i.181, p. 6; II.i.195, p. 16; II.ii.84, p. 21; III.ii.128, 431, pp. 33, 42; IV.i.189, p. 49; V.i.* p. 52.

'The Clownes.' Actors in the Enterlude. ('Hardhanded men that worke in Athene,' V.i.72, p. 54.)

QUINCE the Carpenter (and Manager), I.ii.1, p. 8; III.i.2, 104, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii.1, p. 50.

as **PROLOGUE** (tho cast for **THISBIES** Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.108, p. 55.

SNUGGE the Joyner, I.ii.57, p. 10; III.i.44, p. 25; IV.ii.15, p. 51.

as **LION**, V.i.215, p. 58.

BOTTOM the Weauer, I.ii.2, p. 8; III.i.1, p. 24; IV.i.5, 199, pp. 43, 49; IV.ii.23, p. 51.

as **PYRAMUS**, V.i.168, 262, 338, pp. 57, 60, 62.

FLUTE the Bellows-mender, I.ii.34, p. 9; III.i.77, p. 26; IV.ii.5, p. 50.

as **THISBY**, V.i.186, 254, 312, pp. 57, 59, 61.

The Names of all the Actors.

SNOUT the Tinker, I.ii.53, p. 10; III.i.12, 101, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii,* p. 50.
as **WALL** (the cast for **PYRAMUS** Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.154, p. 56.

STARUELING the Taylor, I.ii.50, p. 9; III.i.13, p. 24; IV.ii.3, p. 50.
as **MOONSHINE** (the cast for **THISBIES** Mother, I.ii.51, p. 9), V.i.232, p. 59.

(**TAWYER**, with a Trumpet, V.i.125-6,* p. 55.)

Fairies.

OBERON, King of Fairies (with his trains), II.i.60, p. 13; II.ii.27, p. 20; III.ii.1, p. 29; IV.i.45, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 63.

TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies (with her trains), II.i.61, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 19; III.i.13, p. 27; IV.i.1, p. 43; V.i.383, p. 63.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, or **PUCK** (**OBERONS** attendant), II.i.1, 248, pp. 11, 18; II.ii.66, p. 21; III.i.76, p. 26; III.ii.6, 110, 421, pp. 30, 32, 42; IV.ii.83, p. 46; V.i.357, p. 62.

A Fairie, II.i.2, p. 11. Fairies (with a song), II.ii.9, p. 19.

PEASE-BLOSSOME, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.6, p. 43.

COBWEBBE, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.9, p. 43.

MOTH, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i,* p. 43.

MUSTARD-SEEDE, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.18, p. 44.

} **TYTANIAS** Attendants.

Scene: Athens, Theseuses Palace, & Quinces house; & a Wood near Athens.

Time: April 29, 30, May 1, and May 2 at V.i.349.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First *Quarto*, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First *Folio* of 1623. F2, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ē.



A
Midfommer nights
dreame.

As it hath beene fundry times pub-
lickely acted, by the Right honoura-
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.



¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to
be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,
in *Fleetstreete*. 1600.

[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

THESEUS palace. Athens. April 29.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, & PHILOSTRATE, with others.

Thefeus.

NOW, faire *Hippolita*, our nuptial hower 1
 Draws on apafe : fower happy daies bring in
 An other Moone : but oh, me thinks, how flow
 This old Moone wanes ! She lingers my defires, 4
 Like to a Stepdame, or a Dowager,
 Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.

Hip. Fower daies will quickly steepe themfelues in night :
 Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time : 8
 And then the Moone, like to a filuer bowe,
 New bent in heauen, shall beholde the night
 Of our folemnities.

The.

Goe, Philostrate !

Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments ; 12
 Awake the peart and nimble spirit of Mirth ;
 Turne Melancholy foorth to Funerals !

The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

¶ *Hyppolita*, † I woo'd thee with my sword, 16
 And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries ;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

* *Actus Primus.*] F.

4. *wanes*] *waues* (turnd n) Q ;

waues Q2, F.

10. *new*] Rowe. now Q1, 2, F.

† 16. *Hyppolita*] *Hyppolitæ* Q.

Hippolita Q2, F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter EGEUS and his daughter HERMIA, and LYSANDER ;
and HELENA, and DEMETRIUS.*

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renown'd duke ! 20

The. Thanks, good *Egeus* ! Whats the newes with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

¶ Stand forth, *Demetrius* !

¶ My noble Lord, 24

This man hath my consent to marry her.

¶ Stand forth, *Lysander* !

¶ And, my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewicht the bosome of my childe.

¶ Thou, thou, *Lysander* ! thou hast giuen her rimes 28

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe :

Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impressiō of her phantasie 32

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, nosegayes, sweete-meates, (messengers

Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth :) 36

With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee,) 36

To stubborne harshnesse. ¶ And, my gracious Duke,

Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*, 40

I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens* :

As she is mine, I may dispose of her :

Which shall be, either to this gentleman, [*Points to DEMETRIUS.*

Or to her death ; according to our lawe, 44

Immediatly prouided, in that case.

The. What say you, *Hermia* ? Be aduif'd, faire maid !

To you, your father should be as a God :

One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one 48

To whome you are but as a forme in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leaue the figure, or disfigure it :

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. 52

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The.

In himselfe he is :

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

But, in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes ! 56

The. Rather, your eyes muſt, with his iudgement, looke !

Her. I doe intreat your grace to pardon mee !

I know not by what power I am made bould ;
Nor how it may concerne my modeſty, 60
In ſuch a preſence, here to plead my thoughts :
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worſt that may befall mee in this caſe,
If I reſuſe to wed *Demetrius*. 64

The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For euer, the ſociety of men.
Therefore, faire *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood, 68
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce,)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady cloyſter mew'd,
To liue a barraine ſiſter all your life, 72
Chaunting faint hymnes to the colde fruitleſſe Moone.
Thriſe bleſſed they that maſter ſo their* bloode,
To vndergoe ſuch maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlyer happy, is the roſe diſtild, 76
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe !

Her. So will I growe, ſo liue, ſo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp 80
Vnto his Lordſhippe, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſoueraignty.

The. Take time to pawſe, and, by the next newe moone,
(The ſealing day betwixt my loue and mee 84
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhippe,)
Vpon that day, either prepare to dye,
(For diſobedience to your fathers will,)
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would ; 88
Or, on *Dianaes* altar, to proteſt
For aye, auſteritie and ſingle life.

Deme. Relent, ſweete *Hermia* ! ¶ and, *Lyſander*, yeeld

*74. *their*] their Q2, F. there Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Thy crazed tittle to my certaine right ! 92
Lyf. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius* ;
 Let me haue *Hermias* ! doe you marry him !
Egeus. Scornefull *Lyfander* ! true, he hath my loue ;
 And what is mine, my loue shall render him. 96
 And she is mine ; and all my right of her,
 I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyfand. I am, my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
 As well poffest ; my loue is more than his ; 100
 My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
 (If not with vantage) as *Demetrius* :
 And (which is more then all these boastes can be,)
 I am belou'd of beautilous *Hermia*. 104
 Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius (He auouch it to his heade !)
 Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
 And won her foule ; and she (fweete Ladie) dotes, 108
 Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
 Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confesse that I haue heard so much ;
 And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof ; 112
 But, being ouer full of selfe affaires, [looks at *HYP.*
 My minde did loose it. ¶ But, *Demetrius*, come !
 ¶ And come, *Egeus* ! you shall goe with mee ;
 I haue some priuate schooling for you both. 116
 ¶ For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe
 To fit your fancies to your fathers will ;
 Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
 (Which by no meanes we may extenuate,) 120
 To death, or to a vowe of single life.
 ¶ Come, my *Hyppolita* ! what cheare, my loue ? [takes her
 ¶ *Demetrius* and *Egeus*,* goe along ! hand.
 I must employ you in some businesse, 124
 Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
 Of some thing, nerely that concernes your selues.
Ege. With duety and desire, we follow you.
 [Exeunt. Manent *LYSANDER* and *HERMIA*.†

*123. *Egeus*] Q2, F. *Egeu* Q.

†127. *Exeunt. Manent . . .*] *Exeunt. Manet* F. *Exeunt. Qq.*

I. i. 92-127.]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Lyfand. How now, my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the rofes there doe fade fo faft? 129

Her. Belike, for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeft of my eyes.

Lif. Eigh me! for aught that I could euer reade, 132
Could euer here by tale or hiftory,
The courfe of true loue neuer did runne fmoother;
But either it was different in bloud;

(*Her.* O croffe! too high to be intrald to lowe.) 136

Lif. Or elfe misgraffed, in refpect of yeares;

(*Her.* O fpight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.)

Lif. Or elfe, it ftoode vpon the choyce of friends;

(*Her.* O hell! to choofe loue by anothers eyes.) 140

Lyf. Or, if there were a fympany in choyce,
Warre, death, or fickneffe, did lay fiege to it,
Making it momentany, as a found;
Swift, as a shadowe; fhort, as any dreame; 144
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to fay, 'Beholde!'
The iawes of darkeneffe do deuoure it vp 148
So quicke, bright things come to confufion!

Her. If, then, true louers haue bin euer croft,
It ftands as an edict in deftiny;
Then let vs teach our triall, patience, 152
Because it is a cuftomary croffe,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,
Wiſhes, and teares, poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perfwaſion: therefore, heare mee, *Hermia*!
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager, 157
Of great reuénue, and ſhe hath no childe:
From *Athens* is her houſe remote, ſeauen leagues;
And ſhe reſpectes mee as her only ſonne. 160
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And, to that place, the ſharpe *Athenian* law
Can not purſue vs. If thou loueſt mee, then,
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to-morrow night; 164
And in the wood, a league without the towne,

136. *lowe*] Theobald. loue Qq, F. 154. *dewe*] Q. due Q2, F.
5 [I. i. 128-165.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obieruance to a morne of May,)

There will I stay for thee.

Her. [*takes Lys.'s hand*] My good *Lyfander* ' 168
I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues, 172
And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the false *Troian* vnder saile was seene, 174
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke!) 176
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
To-morrow truly will I meete with thee! 178
Lyf. Keepe promise, loue! Looke, here comes *Helena*!

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speede, faire *Helena*! whither away?
Hel. Call you mee 'faire'? That 'faire' againe vn fay! 181
Demetrius loues your 'faire': ô happy 'faire'!
Your eyes are loadstarres; and your tongue's sweete aire 183
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare. 185
Sicknesse is catching: O, were fauour so,
Your words I'de catch, 'faire' *Hermia*, ere I goe; 187
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody! 189
Were the world mine, (*Demetrius* being bated,)

The rest ile giue to be to you translated. 191
O, teach mee how you looke; and with what Art,
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart! 193
Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil!
Her. I giue him curfes; yet he giues mee loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue! 197
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee. 199
Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

182. *your*] Q. you F. 187. *Ide*] F2. I Qq, F.
191. *ile*] Q, F. ide Hamner

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Hel. None but your beauty : would that fault were mine !
Her. Take comfort ! he no more shall see my face :
Lyfander and my selfe will fly this place. 203
 Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
 Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradiſe to mee. 205
 O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
 That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell ! 207
Lyf. *Helen !* to you our mindes wee will vnfold :
 To-morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth beholde 209
 Her filuer vifage in the wattry* glaſſe,
 Decking with liquid pearle the bladed graſſe, 211
 (A time that louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
 Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuif'd to ſteale. 213
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
 Vpon faint Primroſe beddes were wont to lye, 215
 (Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld,)
 There, my *Lyfander* and my ſelfe ſhall meete ;
 And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,
 To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions. 219
 Farewell, ſweete playfellow ! pray thou for vs,
 And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius !* 221
 ¶ Keepe word, *Lyfander !* we muſt ſtarue our fight
 From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight. 223
[Exit HERMIA.]
Lyf. I will, my *Hermia.* ¶ *Helena*, adieu !
 As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you ! [Exit LYSANDER.
Hele. How happie ſome, ore otherſome can be !
 Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as ſhee. 227
 But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo ;
 He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know. 229
 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities. 231
 Things baſe and vile, holding no quantitie,
 Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie. 233
 Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde ;
 And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde. 235
 Nor hath loues minde, of any iudgement taſte ;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy haſte. 237

207. vnto a] Q. into Q2, F.

*210. wattry] watty Q. watty Q2, F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

And therefore is loue faid to bee a childe,
Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd. 239
As waggish boyes, in game themselues forswear,
So the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where. 241
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine. 243
And when this haile, some heate from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolued, and showrs of othes did melt. 245
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the Wodde, will he, to morrow night 247
Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deare expenſe: 249
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his flight, thither, and back againe. [Exit. 251]

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

QUINCES house. Athens. April 29.

*Enter, QUINCE the Carpenter, and SNUGGE the Ioyner, and
BOTTOM the Weauer, and FLUTE the Bellowes mender,
& SNOOT the Tinker, and STARUELING the Tayler.*

*Quin.** Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrippe. 3

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is
thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, be-
fore the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bott. First, good *Peeter Quince*, say what the Play treats on;
then read the names of the Actors; & so grow to a point! 8

Quin. Mary, our Play is, 'The most lamentable comedy,
and most cruell death, of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.'

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I assure you, & a merry!
Now, good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the
scrowle! ¶ Masters, spreade your selues! [They do so. 13

Quin. Answere, as I call you. ¶ *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

Bott. Readie! Name what part I am for, and proceede!

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set downe for *Pyramus*. 16

*1. *Quin.*] Q2, F. *Quin.* (turn'd u) Q.

I. i. 238-251; ii. 1-16.]

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant? 17

Quin. A louer, that kills himselfe, moft gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will afke fome teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audiance looke to their eyes! I will moooue stormes! I will condole, in fome meafure! To the reft! . . . yet my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all fplit 23

The raging rocks:
And fhowering fhocks
Shall breake the locks
Of prifon gates! 27
And Phibbus carre
Shall fhine from farre,
And make ſ marre
The foolifh Fates! 31

This was loftie! Now, name the reft of the Players! This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling!

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here, *Peeter Quince!* 35

Quin. *Flute*, you muft take *Thiſby* on you.

*Flut.** What is *Thiſby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muft loue. 38

Fl. Nay, faith; let not me play a woman! I haue a beard comming. [*strokes his chin.*]

Quin. That's all one! you ſhall play it in a Maſke; and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will. 42

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* too!† Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voice, thiſne, thiſne: 'Ah, *Pyramus*, my louer deare! thy *Thyſby* deare, & Lady deare!' 45

Qu. No, no! you muft play *Pyramus*: ¶ & *Flute*, you *Thyſby*.

Bot. Well, proceede!

Qui. *Robin Starueling*, the Tailor? 49

Star. Here, *Peeter Quince!*

Quin. *Robin Starueling*, you muft play *Thyſbyes* mother.

¶ *Tom Snowte*, the Tinker?

*37. *Flut.*] F. Fla. Q1, 2.

†43. too] F. to Q1, 2.

44. *thisne, thiſne* = this'n, this

way, this way. 'Thisne, Thisne'
Q, F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince* ! 53

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father ; my selfe, *Thibbes* father¹.

¶ *Snugge*, the Ioyner ! you, the Lyons part : And, I hope, here is a Play fitted ! 56

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written ? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee ; [*holds out his hand*] for I am flowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extempore* ; for it is nothing but roaring. 60

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too !* I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee ! I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roare againe ! let him roare againe !' 64

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheffe, and the Ladies, that they would shrike ; and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers sonne ! 68

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but to hang vs : but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I wil roare you as gently as any sucking doue ; I will roare you and² 'twere any Nightingale. 73

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus* ; for *Piramus* is a sweete fac't man ; a proper man as one shall see in a sommers day ; a most louely gentlemanlike man : therefore you must needes play *Piramus*. 77

Bot. Well ; I will vndertake it. What beard were I beft to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will. 80

Bot. I wil discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your Orange-tawnie bearde, your purple-in-graine beard, or your *French*-crowne-colour beard, your perfit yellow. 83

Quin. Some of your '*French* crownes' haue no haire at all ; and then you will play bare-fac't. But, Maisters ! here are your parts ! [*gives em*] And I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night ; and meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moonelight : there will wee rehearse : for if wee meete [89

¹ See note on *L. L. L.*, V. i. 105. | 69. *if*] Q1, 2. If that F.

*61. *too*] Q2, F. to Q. | ² and = as if.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuifes known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, faile me not. 92

Bot. Wee will meete; & there we may rehearse most obscenely, and coragiously. Take paines! bee perfit! adieu!

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete. 95

Bot. Enough! holde, or cut bowfrings! [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

A Wood neere Athens. April 30.

☞ *Enter, a Fairie at one doore, and ROBIN GOODFELLOW (PUCKE) at another.*

Robin. How now, spirit? whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, 2

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Ouer parke, ouer pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5

I do wander euery where,

Swifter than the Moons sphere; 7

And I serue the Fairy Queene,

To dew her orbs vpon the greene. 9

The cowflippes tall, her Pensioners bee;

In their gold coats, spotted you see: 11

Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours;

In those freckles, liue their fauours. 13

I must goe seeke some dew-droppes here,

And hang a pearle in euery cowflippes eare. 15

Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits! Ile be gon.

Our Queene, and all her Elues, come here anon. 17

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.

Take heede the Queene come not within his sight; 19

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath 21

A lovely boy, stollen from an *Indian* king:

* *Actus Secundus*] F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

(She neuer had so fweete a changeling;)	23
And iealous <i>Oberon</i> would haue the childe,	
Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde.	25
But shee, perforce, withhoulds the loued boy,	
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.	27
And now, they neuer meete in groue or greene,	
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,	29
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,	
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.	31
<i>Fa.</i> Either I mistake your shape and making, quite,	
Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite	33
Call'd <i>Robin goodfellow</i> . Are not you hee	
That frights the maidens of the Villageree;	35
Skim milke, and fometimes labour in the querne,	
And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne;	37
And fometime make the drinke to beare no barme;	
Misselead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?	39
Those, that ' <i>Hobgoblin</i> ' call you, and ' <i>fweete Puck</i> ,	
You doe their worke, and they shall haue good luck.	41
Are not you hee?	
<i>Rob.</i> Thon speakest aright;	
I am that merry wanderer of the night.	43
I ieast to <i>Oberon</i> , and make him smile,	
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,	45
Neyghing in likenesse of a filly fole.	
And fometime lurke I in a goffippes bole,	47
In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe;	
And, when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,	49
And on her withered dewlop ¹ poure the ale.	
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest tale,	51
Sometime, for three foote stoole, mistaketh mee:	
Then slippe I from her bumme: downe topples she,	53
And 'tailour' cries, and falles into a coffe;	
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,	55
And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare	
'A merrier hower was neuer waisted there!'	57
But roome, Faery! here comes <i>Oberon</i> !	
<i>Fa.</i> And here, my mistresse! Would that he were gon!	59

¹ C. lop-eared rabbits. 46. *filly*] Q. silly Q2, F. 55. loffe = laugh.
[II. i. 23-59]

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter the King of Fairies, (OBERON) at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, (TYTANIA) at another, with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*! 60

Qu. What! Iealous *Oberon*? ¶ Fairies, skippe hence!
I haue forsworne his bedde, and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know 64
When thou hast stollen away from Fairy land,

And, (in the shape of *Corin*), sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here, 68
(Come from the farthest stepe of *India*),

But that, forfooth, the bounding *Amason*,
Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue,
To *Theſeus* must be wedded; and you come, 72
To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie?

Ob. How canst thou thus, (for shame,) *Tytania*,
Glauce at my credit with *Hippolita*,
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theſeus*? 76

Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauish'd?
And make him, with faire *Aegle* breake his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*? 80

Quee. These are the forgeries of iealousie:
And neuer, (since the middle Sommers spring,)
Met we on hill, in dale, Forrest, or meade, 84
By pau'd fountaine, or by rushie brooke,

Or in the beach'd margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whistling winde,
But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine, 88
As in reuenge, haue suckt vp from the Sea,

Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riuier made so proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents. 92

61. *Fairy*] Q1, 2, F: the one chief
or attendant Fairy of line 58; the

'traine' who enter, fall back; but
all are included in the 'Fairies' of

l. 144.

69. *steppe*] steepe Q2, F.

79. *Aegle*] Rowe. Eagles Q1, 2,
F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoke in vaine,
 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde :
 The fold stands empty in the drownèd field, 96
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flocke,
 The nine mens Morris is filld vp with mudde,
 And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
 For lacke of tread, are vndistinguifhable. 100
 The húmane mortals want their winter heere :
 No night is now with hymne or carroll blest.
 Therefore the Moone (the gouerneffe of floods)
 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire, 104
 That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound ;
 And, thorough this distemperature, wee see
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymson rose ; 108
 And, on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,
 An odorous Chaplet of fweete Sommer buddes,
 Is, as in mockery, set. The Spring, the Sommer,
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter, change 112
 Their wonted Liueries ; and the mazèd worlde,
 By their increase, now knowes not which is which :
 And this same progeny of euils, comes
 From our debate, from our dissentiön : 116
 We are their Parents and originall.

Oberon. Doe you amend it, then ! it lyes in you.
 Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon* ?
 I doe but begge a little Changeling boy, 120
 To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at rest !
 The Faery Land buies not the childe of mee !
 His mother was a Votresse of my order ;
 And in the spicèd *Indian* ayer, by night, 124
 Full often hath she gossipd by my side,
 And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
 Marking th'embarkèd traders on the flood,
 When we haue laught to see the sailes conceaue, 128

109. *chinne*] Q1, 2, F. *thin* | thin hair, or a thin coating of ice ?
 Tyrwhitt, conj. adopted by Halli- | A substitute is wanted for the beard-
 well, &c. But why 'thin' ? (For | icicles that hang from *Hyems's* chin.
 II. i. 93-128.] 14

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame

And grow bigge-bellied, with the wanton winde ;
Which she, with prettie and with swimming gate,
Following, (her wombe then rich with my young squire),
Would imitate, and faile vpon the land, 132
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy ; 136
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you stay ?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Thefeus* wedding day. 139
If you will patiently daunce in our Round, 140
And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs !
If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts !

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee !

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome ! ¶ Fairies, away ! 144
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay !

[*Exeunt* **TYTANIA** and her *Traine*.]

Ob. Well : goe thy way ! Thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury !

¶ My gentle *Pucke*, come hither ! Thou remembrest, 148
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious * breath,
That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song, 152
And certaine † starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puck. I remember !

Ob. That very time, I saw, (but thou could'st not),
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth, 156
Cupid, all arm'd : a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the ‡ west,
And loof'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bowe,
As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts ; 160
But, I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone ;
And the imperiall Votresse pass'd on,

*151. *harmonious*] Q2, F. her-
monious Q.

†153. *certaine*] Q2, F. certaine Q.
‡158. *the*] F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free! 164
 Yet mark I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
 Before, milke white; now purple, with Lounes wound,
 And maidens call it, 'Loue-in-idleneffe.' 168
 Fetch mee that flowre! the herbe I shewed thee once.
 The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,
 Will make, or man or woman, madly dote
 Vpon the next liue creature that it sees. 172
 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league!
Pu. Ile put a girdle, round about the earth,
 In forty minutes! [Exit. 176
Oberon. Having once this iuice,
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a-sleepe,
 And droppe the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing then, she, waking, lookes vpon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, 180
 On medling Monky, or on busie Ape,
 She shall pursue it, with the foule of Loue.
 And ere I take this charme from off* her fight,
 (As I can take it with another herbe,) 184
 Ile make her render vp her Page to mee.
 But who comes here? I am inuisible;
 And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Deme. I loue thee not! therefore pursue me not! 188
 Where is *Lyfander*, and faire *Hermia*?
 The one Ile slay; the other flayeth me.
 Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood:
 And here am I; and 'wodde' (within this 'wood,') 192
 Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
 Hence! get thee† gone! and follow mee no more!
Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant!
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart 196

*183. *from off*] from of [= off] Q1, 2, F.
 Q; off from Q2, F. 192. *wodde* = mad.
 190. *slay* . . . *slayeth*] Theobald †194. *thee*] Q2, F. the Q.
 (Thirlby conj.) stay . . . stayeth
 [IL i. 164-196.] 16

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

- Is true as steele. Leauē you your power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you!
- Deme.* Doe I entife you? Doe I ſpeake you faire? 200
Or rather, doe I not, in plainest truthe,
Tell you, 'I doe not, nor* I cannot loue you'?
- Hele.* And euen for that, do I loue you the more;
I am your Spaniell! and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you. 204
Vſe me but as your Spaniell! ſpurne me, ſtrike mee,
Neglect mee, looſe me! onely giue me leauē,
(Vnworthie as I am,) to follow you!
What worſer place can I begge in your loue, 208
(And yet, a place of high reſpect with mee,) 208
Then to be vſed as you vſe your dogge?
- Deme.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick when I do looke on thee! 212
- Hele.* And I am ſick when I looke not on you!
- Deme.* You doe impeach your modeſtie too much,
To leauē the citie, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not; 216
To truſt the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginities.
- Hel.* Your vertue is my priuiledge. For that 220
It is not night when I doe ſee your face,
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you, (in my reſpect,) are all the world. 224
Then, how can it be ſaide, 'I am alone,'
When 'all the world' is here to looke on mee?
- Deme.* Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leauē thee to the mercy of wilde beaſtes! 228
- Hel.* The wildeſt bath not ſuch a heart as you!
Runne when you will; The ſtory ſhall be chaung'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Done purſues the Griffon; the milde Hinde 232
Makes ſpeede to catch the Tigre. Booteleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies!

*201. *nor*] F. not Q1, 2.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions! Let me goe!
Or, if thou followe mee, do not beleuee 236
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fieldes,
You doe me mischief! Fy, *Demetrius!*
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sex! 240
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe! 242

[*Exit DEMETRIUS.*

He follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue so well! [*Exit * HELENA.*

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph! Ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue! 246

Re-enter PUCKE.

¶ Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer!

Puck. I, there it is! [*holds it out.*]

Ob. I pray thee, giue it mee! [*takes it.*]
I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes, 250
Quite ouercanopi'd, with luscious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine: 252
There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight; 254
And there the snake, throwes her enameld skinne,
Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in. 256
And, with the iuyce of this, He streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantasies. 258
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue!
A sweete *Athenian* Lady, is in lone 260
With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes;
But doe it, when the next thing he espies, 262
May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on. 264
Effect it with some care, that he may prooue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue: 266
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe!

Pu. Feare not, my Lord! your seruant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

238. *the fieldes*] Q. and *fieldes* Q2, F. | 251. ? An Alexandrine, or *Quite*
*244. *Exit Helena.*] *Exit.* Q2, F. | *ouer / canopi'd / 2 measures or feet.*
II. i. 235-268.] 18

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Woode.

Enter TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

<p><i>Quee.</i> Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song! Then, for the third part of a minute, hence! Some to kill cankers in the musk rofe huds; Some warre with Reremise, for their lethren wings, To make my small Elues coates; and some keepe backe The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders At our queint spirits! Sing me now a-sleepe! * Then to your offices, and let mee rest!</p>	<p>1 4 8</p>
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Fairies sing.

<p><i>You spotted Snakes, with double tongue, Thorny Hedgehogges, be not seene! Newts and blindewormes, do no wrong! Come not neere our Fairy Queene! Philomele, with melody, Sing in our sweete Lullaby, Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby! Neuer harme, Nor spell, nor charme, Come our louely lady nigh! So, good night, with lullaby!</i></p>	<p>9 12 16 19</p>
--	-------------------------------

<p>1. <i>Fai.</i> Weauing Spiders, come not heere! Hence, you long legd Spinners, hence! Beetles blacke, approach not neere! Worme nor snaike, doe no offence! All. Philomele, with melody, &c. [TITANIA sleeps.† 2. <i>Fai.</i> Hence, away! now all is well: One aloofe, stand Centinell!</p>	<p>20 23</p>
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[Exeunt Fairies.]

*7. *a-sleepe*] Q2, F. a sleepe Q. | sleeps. F (after line 26).

20. 1. *Fai.*] 2 Fairy Q. | 25. 2. *Fai.*] Q. 1 Fairy F.

†24. *Titania sleeps.*] Shee |

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter OBERON. He squeezes iulce from the Pansy on
TITANIAS clos'd eyelids.*

Ob. What thou see'st when thou doest wake, 27
Doe it for thy true loue take!
Loue and languish for his sake! 29
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire, 31
In thy eye that shall appeare
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare!
Wake, when some vile thing is neere! [Exit. 34

Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.

Lys. Faire loue! you fainte with wandring in the wood;
And to speake troth, I haue forgot our way!
Weele rest vs, *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort* of the day. 38
Her. Be † it so, *Lyfander*! finde you out a bedde!
For I, vpon this banke will rest my head. [Lyes downe.
Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both;
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth! 42
Her. Nay, good ‡ *Lyfander*! for my sake, my deere,
Ly further off yet! doe not lye so neere! 44
Lys. O, take the sence, Sweete, of my innocence!
Loue takes the meaning in loues conference. 46
I meane, that my heart vnto yours is § knit,
So that but 'one heart' wee can make of it; 48
'Two bosomes' interchain'd with an oath;
So then, 'two bosomes,' and a fingle 'troth.' 50
Then, by your side, no bed-roome me deny;
For, 'lying' so, *Hermia*, I doe not 'lye'!
Her. *Lyfander* riddles very prettily! 53
Now, much beshrewe my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lyfander* 'lyed'! 55
But, gentle friend, for loue and curtesie,
Ly further off! In humane modesty, 57
Such separation, as may well be said

*38. *comfort*] Q2, F. *comfor* Q. | ‡43. *good*] Q2, F. *god* Q.
†39. *Be*] Q2, F. *Bet* Q. | § 47. *is*] Q2, F. *it* Q.
II. ii. 27-58.] 20

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Becomes a vertuous batcheler and a maide: [*points away.* 59
 So farre, be distant! and, good night, sweete friend!
 Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end! 61
Lys. 'Amen! amen!' to that faire prayer, say I;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty! 63
 Heere is my bed: sleepe giue thee all his rest!

[*Lyes downe apart.*

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest! 65
 [*They sleepe.**

Enter PUCKE.

Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone;
 But *Athenian* found I none, 67
 On whose eyes I might approue
 This flowers force in stirring loue. [*Sees LYSANDER.* 69
 Night and silence! Who is heere?
 Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare! 71
 This is hee (my master faide)
 Despis'd the *Athenian* maide! [*Sees HERMIA.* 73
 And here the maiden, sleeping found,
 On the danke and dirty ground! 75
 Pretty fowle! she durst not lye
 Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtisie! 77
 ¶ Churle! vpon thy eyes I throwe
 [*Squeezes iuice on Lys.'s eyelids.*
 All the power this charme doth owe! 79
 When thou wak'ft, let loue forbidde
 Sleepe, his feat on thy eye lidde! 81
 So awake, when I am gon;
 For I must now to *Oberon*! [*Exit.* 83

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill mee, sweete *Demetrius*!
De. I charge thee, Hence! and doe not haunt mee thus!
Hele. O, wilt thou (darkling) leaue mee? doe not so!
De. Stay, on thy perill! I alone will goe! [*Exit.*† 87
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chafe!
 The more my prayer, the lesfer is my grace! 89
 Happie is *Hermia*, wherefoere she lies;

*65. *They sleepe.*] F.

†87. *Exit.*] Exit Demetrius. F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

For the hath bleſſed and attractive eyes! 91
 How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares!
 If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers. 93
 No, no! I am as vgly as a Beare;
 For beaſtes that meete mee, runne away for feare! 95
 Therefore, no maruaile though *Demetrius*
 Doe, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus! 97
 What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
 Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyen? [*ſees Lys.* 99
 But who is here? *Lyſander*? on the ground?
 Dead? or a-ſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound! 101
 ¶ *Lyſander*! if you liue, good ſir, awake! [*ſhakes him.*
Lyf. [*Waking*] And runne through fire I will, for thy
 ſweete ſake! 103
 Tranſparent *Helena*! Nature ſhewes Arte,
 That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart! 105
 Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſworde! 107
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*! ſay not ſo!
 What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though? 109
 Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you: then be content!
Lyf. 'Content' with '*Hermia*'? No! I doe repent
 The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent! 112
 Not '*Hermia*,' but *Helena*, I loue!
 Who will not change a Rauens for a doue? 114
 The will of man, is by his reaſon ſwai'd;
 And 'reaſon' ſaies you are the worthier maide. 116
 Things growing, are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon:
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to 'reaſon'; 118
 And touching now the point of humane ſkill,
 'Reaſon' becomes the Marshall to my will, 120
 And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke
 Loues ſtorie, written in Loues richeſt booke! 122
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
 When, at your hands, did I deſerue this ſcorne? 124
 Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
 That I did neuer, no, nor neuer can, 126
 Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
 But you muſt flout my inſufficiency? 128
 Good troth, you doe mee wrong, (good ſooth, you doe!)
 II. ii. 91-129.]

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

In fuch difdainfull manner mee to wooe! 130
 But fare you well! perforce, I muft confesse,
 I thought you Lord of more true gentleneffe. 132
 O, that a Ladie, of one man refus'd,
 Should of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit. 134
Lyf. She fees not *Hermia*! ¶ *Hermia*, sleepe thou there;
 And neuer maift thou come *Lyfander* neere! 136
 For, as a furfet of the sweetest things,
 The deepeft loathing, to the stomacke bringes: 138
 Or, as the heresies that men doe leaue,
 Are hated moft of thofe they did deceiue, 140
 So thou, my furfet and my heresie,
 Of all bee hated! but the moft, of mee! 142
 And, all my powers, addrefse your loue and might,
 To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight! [Exit. 144
Her. [Waking] Helpe mee, *Lyfander*! helpe mee! do
 thy beft
 To pluck this crawling ferpent from my brest! 146
 Ay mee, for pittie! What a dreame was here!
Lyfander! looke how I doe quake with feare! 148
 Me thought a ferpent eate my heart away,
 And you fate fmiling at his cruell pray! 150
Lyfander! what! remou'd? *Lyfander*! Lord!
 What! out of hearing gon? No found? no word? 152
 Alacke! where are you? Speake, and if you heare!
 Speake, of all loues! I fwounne almoft with feare! 154
 No? then I well perceiue you are not ny:
 Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately! [Exit. 156

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

The Wood neere Athens. TITANIA asleepe. April 30.

Enter the Clownes, BOTTOM, QUINCE, SNOOT, STARVELING, SNUGGE, and FLUTE.

Bott. Are wee all met? 1

Quin. Pat, pat! and here's a maruailes conuenient place, for our rehearfall! This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne-brake our tyring houe [*points to them*]; and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke! 5

Bott. Peeter Quince?

Quin. What faiest thou, bully *Bottom*? 7

Bot. There are things in this comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide! How anfwere you that? 11

Snout. Berlakin! a parlous feare!

Star. I beleewe we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bott. Not a whit! I haue a deuise to make all well! Write me a Prologue; and let the Prologue seeme to say, 'we wil do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede': and for the more better assurance, tel them that 'I, *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer'! this will put them out of feare. 19

Quin. Well! wee will haue such a Prologue; and it shall be written in eight and fix. 21

Bot. No: make it two more! let it be written in eight & eight!

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you! 25

Bot. Matters, you ought to confider with your selues,† to bring in (God shielde vs!) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing! For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon, liuing; & we ought to looke toote! 29

* *Actus Tertius*] F.
2. *maruailes*] Q: its way of spelling the *maruailous* of Q2, F.
Cp. 'maruailes hairy,' IV. i. 24, p. 44.
† 26. *selues*] F. selfe Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Sn. Therefore, another Prologue must tel he is 'not a Lion!' 31

Bot. Nay! you must name his name; and halfe his face must be scene through the Lions necke; and he himselve must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; 'Ladies!' or 'faire Ladies!' 'I would wish you,' or 'I would request you,' or 'I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours! If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life! No! I am no such thing! I am a man, as other men are!' & there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is 'Snugge the Ioyner'! 40

Quin. Well: it shall be so! But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meete by Moone-light. 43

Snugge. Doth the Moone shine * that night we play our Play?

Bo. A Calender, a Calender! looke in the Almanack! finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine! [night!]

Quin. [producing an Almanack] Yes! it doth shine that

Bot.† Why, then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shine in at the casement. 51

Quin. I! or els, one must come in with a bush of thorns & a lantern, and say 'he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moone-shine.' Then, there is another thing: we must haue a wal in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* & *Thiſby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. 56

Snout. You can neuer bring in 'a wal'! What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present 'wall:' and let him haue some plaster, or som lome, or some rough-cast, about him; to signifie 'wall'; and let him holde his fingers thus [<]; and through that crany, shall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whisper. 61

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and reherſe your parts! [They sit downe.] ¶ *Pyramus*, you beginne! when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake! and so euery one according to his cue.

44. *Snugge*] Sn. Q1, 2, F. Snug F2. (*Snout* Cam., not letting *Snugge* speak in this scene.)

*44. shine] Q2, F. shine Q.

†49. *Bot.*] Q2, F. Cet. Q. 60. and] Delius (Collier). or Q1, 2, F.

1 See line 4, abuv, p. 24.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter ROBIN (PUCKE), behind.

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we fwaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What! a play toward! Ile be an Auditor;
An Actor too,* perhappes, if I see cause. 69

Quin. Speake, *Pyramus!* ¶ *Thyſby*, ſtand forth!
[*They advance.*]

Pyra. *Thisby, the flowers of odious ſauours ſweete, . . .*

(*Quin. Odours! odours! †*)

Py. *Odours ſauours ſweete :*

So hath thy breath, my deareſt Thisby deare! 73

But harke! a voice! ſtay thou but heere a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare.

[*Exit 'into that Brake'.*]

(*Puck.‡ A ſtranger Pyramus then ere played heere!*)

[*Follows BOT.*]

Thyſ. [FLUTE.] Muſt I ſpeake now? 77

Quin. I, marry, muſt you! For you muſt vnderſtand, he
goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. *Moſt radiant Pyramus! moſt lillie white of hewe!*

(*Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer;*) 81

Moſt briſky Iuuenall, and eeke moſt louely Iewe!

As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,

Ile meete thee, Pyramus, at Ninnies tounge! 84

Quin. '*Ninus tounge,*' man! Why! you muſt not ſpeake
that yet! That, you anſwere to *Pyramus!* You ſpeake al
your part at once, cues and all! ¶ *Pyramus*, enter! your cue
is paſt: It is; '*neuer tire.*' 88

Thyſ. O! '*As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre!*'

Re-enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOM) with the Aſſe head. § ROBIN
follows, ſtamping (ſee III. ii. 25).

Py. *If I were faire, Thyſby, I were onely thine! . . .*

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! We are haunted! Pray,
maſters, fly! || maſters, helpe! 92

[*The Clownes all exeunt, ſave BOTTOM.*]

*69. too] Q2, F. to Q.

†72. odours] F. odorous Q1, 2.

‡76. Puck] F. Quin. Q1, 2.

§89. Enter . . . Aſſe head.] F

(after l. 98).

||92. fly] flye Q2, F. ſly Q.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Rob. Ile follow you! Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer!
Sometime a horfe Ile be, sometime a hound,
A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier, 96
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horfe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne! [*Exit.*
Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of
them, to make mee afeard. 100

Re-enter SNOWTE.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd! What do I see on thee?

Bot. What doe you see? You see an Affe-head of your
owne, Do you? [*Exit SNOWTE.*

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Blesse thee, *Bottom*! blesse thee! Thou art translated!
[*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knauery! This is to make an affe of mee;
to fright me, if they could. But I wil not stirre from this
place, do what they can! I will walke vp and downe heere,
and I will sing, that they shall heare I am not afraide: 108

[*Sings*] *The Woofell cock, so blacke of hewe,*

With Orange tawny bill,

The Throfile, with his note so true,

The Wren, with little quill, . . . 112

(*Tytania.* [*wakes*] What Angell wakes me from my flowry
bed?)

Bot. [*sings*] *The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,*

The plainfong Cuckow gray,

(*Whose note, full many a man doth marke,*

And dares not answere, 'nay!') 117

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde? Who
would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer so?

Tita. [*rises*] I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe!

Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note; 121

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,

On the first viewe, to say, to sweare, 'I loue thee!' 124

Bott. Meethinks, mistresse, you should haue little reason
for that! And yet, to say the truth, reason and loue keepe
little company together, now a daies! The more the pittie,

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

that some honest neighbours will not make them friends!
Nay, I can gleeke, vpon occasion. 129

Tyta. Thou art as wise as thou art beautifull!

Bott. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood, I haue enough to ferue mine owne* turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe!

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no! 134

I am a spirit, of no common rate,

(The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state;) 136

And I doe loue thee! therefore, goe with mee!

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee; 138

And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe: 140

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe. 142

¶ *Pease-blossome! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seede!*

Enter these foure Fairyes.

1. *Fairie.* Readie!

2. *Fairie.* And I!

3. *Fairie.* And I!

4. *Fairie.* And I!

All 4. Where shall we goe?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman; [*points to B.*

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes; 146

Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries;

The hony bagges, steale from the Humble-Bees; 149

And, for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,

To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies, 153

To fanne the Moore-beames from his sleeping eyes!

Nod to him, Elues, and doe him curtesies! [*They do so.* 155

1. *Fai.* Haile, mortall!

*132. *owne* Q2, F. *owe* Q.

144. 1. *Fairie* . . . *All* Capell.
'*Fairies*. Readie: and I, and I,
and I.' Q, F.

146-155: the only instance of 10
III. i. 128-156.]

consecutive identical rymes in Shak-
spere. See 8 in *y*, below, p. 32;
and 8 in *-e*, p. 46; and 7 in *-ing*,
Lucrece, 428-434.

156-159. 1. *Fairie*. . . 4. *Fairie*.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

2. *Fai.* Haile!
 3. *Fai.* Haile!
 4. *Fairie.* Haile! 156
Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily! I beseech your
 worshippes name!
Cob. *Cobwebbe!* 159
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master
Cobweb! if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you.
 ¶ Your name, honest gentleman?
Pea. *Pease-blossome!* 163
Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your
 mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master
Pease-blossome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too.
 ¶ Your name, I beseech you, sir!
Must. *Mustardseede!* 168
Bot. Good master *Mustardseede*, I know your patience well.
 That same cowardly gyantlike Ox-beefe hath deuour'd many
 a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred
 hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire your* more
 acquaintance, good master *Mustardseede.* 173
Tita. Come, waite vpon him! leade him to my bower! 174
 The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye;
 And when thee weepes, weepes euery little flower, 176
 Lamenting some enforc'd chaffitie!
 Ty vp my louers tongue! bring him silently! 178
 [Exeunt, Fairies leading BOTTOM.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Wood. April 30.

*Enter OBERON, King of Fairies; and soon after, ROBIN
 GOODFELLOW (PUCK).*

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't!
 Then, what it was, that next came in her eye,
 Which she must dote on, in extremitie! 3

<p><i>Haile!</i> [Capell. 1. <i>Fai.</i> <i>Haile mor- tall, haile.</i> 2. <i>Fai.</i> <i>Haile.</i> 3. <i>Fai.</i> <i>Haile.</i> Q1, 2, F. (Capell's change suits best <i>Titania's</i> 'Elues,' l. 155. The 3 Fairies only, of Q, F, suits</p>	<p>best Bottom's leaving out <i>Moth</i> afterwards here, as he does in IV.i.) 166. <i>too</i>] to Q1, 2, F. *172. <i>your</i>] you Q. 178. <i>Exeunt.</i>] Exit. Q1, 2, F.</p>
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A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter PUCKE.

Here comes my messenger ! ¶ How now, mad spirit ?	4
What night-rule now, about this haunted groue ?	
<i>Puck.</i> My mistresse, with a monster is in loue !	6
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,	
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,	8
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,	
That worke for bread, vpon <i>Athenian</i> stalles,	10
Were met together, to rehearse a play	
Intended for great <i>Thefeus</i> nuptiall day.	12
The shallowest thickskinne of that barraine fort,	
(Who <i>Pyramus</i> presented in their sport,)	14
Forooke his Scene, and entred in a brake.	
VVhen I did him at this aduantage take,	16
An Asses nole I fixe'd on his head.	
Anon his <i>Thisbie</i> must be answered ;	18
And forth my Minnick comes ! When they him spy,—	
As wilde geefe, that the creeping Foulter eye,	20
Or ruffet-pated choughes, many in fort	
(Rysing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)	22
Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky,	
So, at his sight,—away his fellowes fly !	24
And, at our stampe, here, ore and ore, one falles ;	
He 'murther' cryes, and 'helpe' from <i>Athens</i> calls.	26
Their sense thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong,	
Made senselesse things begin to doe them wrong ;	28
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell snatch :	
Some, sleeues ; some, hats ; from yeelders all things catch.	30
I led them on in this distracted feare,	
And left sweete <i>Pyramus</i> translated there :	32
When in that moment (so it came to passe,) <i>Tytania</i> wak't, and straight-way lou'd an Ass !	34
<i>Ob.</i> This falles out better then I could deuise !	
But hast thou yet latcht the <i>Athenians</i> eyes,	36
With the lone iuice, as I did bid thee doe ?	
<i>Rob.</i> I tooke him sleeping, (that is finisht too !*)	38
And the <i>Athenian</i> woman by his side ;	
That, when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.	40

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

<i>Ob.</i> Stand clofe! this is the fame <i>Athenian</i> .	
<i>Rob.</i> This is the woman; but not this the man!	42
<i>Demet.</i> O, Why rebuke you him that loues you fo?	
Lay breath fo bitter, on your bitter foe!	44
<i>Her.</i> Now I but chide: but I should vse thee worfe,	
For thou (I feare,) haft giuen me caufe to curfe!	46
If thou haft flaine <i>Lyfander</i> in his sleepe,	
Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe,	48
& kill mee too!*	
The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day,	
As hee to mee! Would hee haue stollen away	51
From† sleeping <i>Hermia</i> ? Ile beleene as soone,	
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone	53
May through the Center creepe, and fo displeafe	
Her brothers noonetide with th' <i>Antipodes</i> .	55
It cannot be but thou haft murdred him!	
So, should a murtherer looke! so dead, so grimme!	57
<i>Dem.</i> 'So should' the murdered 'looke,' and 'so should' I,	
Pearst through the heart with your sterne cruelty!	59
Yet you, the 'murtherer,' looke as bright, as cleere,	
As yonder <i>Venus</i> , in her glimmering spheare. [<i>points to V.</i>	
<i>Her.</i> What's this to my <i>Lyfander</i> ? Where is hee?	
Ah, good <i>Demetrius</i> ! wilt thou giue him mee?	63
<i>Deme.</i> I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds!	
<i>Her.</i> Out, dog! out, curre! thou driu'ft me past the bounds	
Of maidens patience! Haft thou slaine him, then?	
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men!	67
O, once tell true! tell true, euen for my sake!	
Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake,	69
And haft thou kild him sleeping? O braue tutch!	
Could not a worme, an Adder, do so much?	71
An Adder did it! For with doubler tongue	
Then thyne, (thou serpent!) neuer Adder stung!	73
<i>Deme.</i> You spende your passion on a mispris'd mood:	
I am not guilty of <i>Lyfanders</i> bloode;	75
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.	
<i>Her.</i> I pray thee, tell mee, then, that he is well.	77

*49. too] F. to Q1, 2.

†52. From] Q2, F. Frow Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

<i>De.</i> And if I could, what should I get therefore?	
<i>Her.</i> A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more:	79
And from thy hated prefence part I!	
See me no more, whether he be dead or no!	[Exit.
<i>Deme.</i> There is no following her in this fierce vaine:	
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.	83
So forrowes heauineffe doth heauier growe,	
For debt, that bankrout sleepe doth forrow owe:	85
Which now (in some slight meafure) it will pay;	
If (for his tender) here I make some ftay.	87
	[Lyes downe & sleepes.
<i>Ob.</i> [to <i>ROB.</i>] What haft thou done? Thou haft miftaken quite,	
And laid the loue-iuice on some true loues fight!	89
Of thy mifprifion, muft perforce enfue	
Some true loue turnd, and not a falfe turnd true!	91
<i>Robi.</i> Then fate orrules, that, one man holding troth,	
A million faile, confounding oath on oath!	93
<i>Ob.</i> About the wood, goe fwifter then the winde!	
And <i>Helena</i> of <i>Athens</i> , looke thou finde!	95
All fancy-ficke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,	
With fighes of loue, that coſts the freſh blood deare.	97
By ſome illuſion, ſee thou bring her here!	
He charme his eyes, againſt ſhe doe appeare.	99
<i>Robin.</i> I goe, I goe! looke how I goe!	
Swifter then arrow, from the <i>Tartars</i> bowe!	[Exit. 101
<i>Ob.</i> Flower of this purple dy,	102
Hit with <i>Cupids</i> archery,	
Sinke in apple of his eye! [<i>Drops iuice into DEMETRIUS eyes.</i>	
When his loue he doth eſpy,	105
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly	
As the <i>Venus</i> of the ſky!	107
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,	
Begge of her, for remedy!	109

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,

80. <i>I</i>] Q, F. I so, Pope.	87. <i>Lyes downe & sleepes</i>] Collier.
85. <i>sleepes</i>] Rowe. slippe Q.	Ly downe Q.
slip Q2, F.	

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Helena is heere at hande ; 111
 And the youth, mistooke by mee,
 Pleading for a louers fee.
 Shall wee their fond pageant see ?
 Lord ! what fooles these mortals bee ! 115
Ob. Stand aside ! The noyse they make,
 Will cause *Demetrius* to awake. 117
Pu. Then will two, at once wooe one !
 That must needes be sport alone ; 119
 And those things do best please mee,
 That befall prepost'rously. 121

Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should wooe in scorn ?
 Scorne and derision, neuer come in teares.
 Looke, when I vow, I weepe ; and vowes so borne,
 In their natiuitie all truth appeares. 125
 How can these things in mee, seeme scorn to you,
 Bearing the badge of faith, to prooue them true ? 127
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more and more. 128
 When trueth killes truth, ô diuinish-holy fray !
 These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore ?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing waigh. 131
 Your vowes to her and mee, (put in two scales,)
 Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales. 133
Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore. 135
Lys. *Demetrius* loues her ; and he loues not you.
Deme. [*Waking*] O *Helen* ! goddesse, nymph, perfect, diuine !
 To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne ? 138
 Christall is muddy ! O, how ripe in shewe,
 Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe ! 140
 That pure conieal'd white, high *Taurus* snow,
 Fand with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crowe, 142
 When thou holdst vp thy hand ! O ! let me kisse
 [*tries to kiss her hand.*]
 This Princessse of pure white, this seale of blisse ! 144
Hel. O spight ! O hell ! I see, you all are bent
 To set against mee, for your merriment ! 146
 If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

You would not doe mee thus much iniury.	148
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,	
But you must ioyne in foules, to mocke mee too?	150
If you were men, as men you are in showe,	
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;	152
To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,	
When I am sure you hate mee with your hearts.	154
You both are Riuals, and loue <i>Hermia</i> ;	
And now both Riualles, to mock <i>Helena</i> .	156
A trim exploit, a manly enterprife,	
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,	158
With your derision! None of noble fort	
Would so offend a virgine, and extort	
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport!	161
<i>Lyfand.</i> You are vnkinde, <i>Demetrius</i> ! be not so!	
For you loue <i>Hermia</i> ; this, you know, I know;	163
And heare, ¹ with all good will, with all my heart,	
In <i>Hermias</i> loue I yeelde you vp my part:	165
And yours of <i>Helena</i> , to mee bequeath,	
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death!	
<i>Hel.</i> Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath!	168
<i>Deme.</i> <i>Lyfander</i> , keepe thy <i>Hermia</i> ! I will none!	
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone!	170
My heart to her, but as guestwise sojourn'd;	
And now to <i>Helen</i> , is it home return'd,	172
There to remaine.	
<i>Lyf.</i> <i>Helen</i> , it is not so!	
<i>Deme.</i> Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,	174
Leaft, to thy perill, thou aby it deare! [<i>points to HERM.</i>]	
Looke where thy loue comes! yonder is thy deare!	176
<i>Re-enter HERMIA.</i>	
<i>Her.</i> Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,	
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes;	178
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,	
It payes the hearing, double recompence.	180
¶ Thou art not, by myne eye, <i>Lyfander</i> , found:	
Mine eare, (I thanke it,) brought me to thy found!	182

¹ *heare* = here.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?
Lysf. Why should hé stay, whom loue doth presse to go?
Her. What 'loue' could 'presse' *Lyfander* from my side?
Lysf. *Lyfanders* 'loue,' (that would not let him bide,) 186
 Faire *Helena*! who more engilds the night
 Then all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. [*points to stars.*
 Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bare thee, made mee leane thee so? 190
Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee! 191
Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy!
 Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
 To fashon this falsé sport, in spight of mee. 194
 ¶ Iniurious *Hermia*! most vngratefull maide!
 Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd,
 To baite mee with this foule derision?
 Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd, 198
 (The sisters voves, the howers that we haue spent,
 When we haue chid the hastie-footed time
 For parting vs;) O, is all forgot?
 All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence? 202
 VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,
 Haue, with our needles, created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key, 206
 As if our hands, our sides, voyces and mindes,
 Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an vnion in partitiön: 210
 Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crownéd with one creast. 214
 And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,
 To ioyn with men in scorning your poore friend?
 It is not friendly, tis not maidenly!
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, 218
 Though I alone doe fele the iniury!
Her. I am amazèd at your words!

213. *like*] Theobald (Folkes conj.). life Q1, 2, F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

- I fcorne you not! It feesmes that you fcorne mee!
Hel. Haue you not fet *Lyfander*, as in fcorne, 222
 To follow mee, and praife my eyes and face?
 And made your other loue, *Demetrius*,
 (Who euen but now did fpurne mee with his foote,) 226
 To call mee 'goddeffe, nymph, diuine, and rare,
 Pretious, celeftiall'? VVherefore fpeakes he this
 To her he hates? And wherfore doth *Lyfander*
 Deny your loue, (fo rich within his foule,) 230
 And tender mee (forfooth!) affection,
 But by your fetting on, by your content?
 VVhat though I be not fo in grace as you,
 So hung vpon with loue, fo fortunate,
 (But miferable moft, to loue vnlo'd?) 234
 This you fhould pittie, rather then defpife!
Her. I vnderftand not what you meane by this!
Hel. I! doe! Perfeuer! counterfait fad looks!
 Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back! 238
 Winke each at other! holde the fweete leaft vp!
 This fport, well carried, fhall bee chronicled!
 If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
 You would not make mee fuch an argument. 242
 But fare ye well! tis partly my owne fault;
 Which death, or abfence foone fhall remedy! [*Walks away.*
Lyf. Stay, gentle *Helena*! heare my excufe,
 My loue! my life! my foule! faire *Helena*! 246
Hel. O excellent!
Herm. Sweete! doe not fcorne her fo!
Dem. If fhe cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lyf. Thou canft 'compell' no more, then fhe 'intreat.'
 Thy threats haue no more ftrengh then her weake praier^s.
 ¶ *Helen*! I loue thee! by my life I doe!
 I fweare by that which I will loofe for thee,
 To prooue him falfe, that faies I loue thee not! 253
Dem. I fay, I loue thee more then he can do!
Lyf. If thou fay fo, withdrawe, and prooue it too!* 255
Dem. Quick, come!

250. *praier*s] Theobald. praise Q1, 2, F.

*255. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Her. *Lyfander*, whereto tends all this?
[*She throws her arms round him.*

Lyf. Away! you *Ethiop*! [*He struggles with her.*

Dem. [*To HERMIA*] No, no! heele . . . 257
[*To LYS.*] Seeme to breake loofe! take on as you would follow,
But yet come not! You are a tame man! go! 259

Lyf. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur! Vile thing, let loofe!
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent!

Her. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?

Lyf. Thy 'loue'! Out, tawny *Tartar*, out! 263
Out, loathèd medicine! ð hated potion, hence!

Her. Doe you not ieast?

Hel. Yes, sooth: and so doe you!

Lyf. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceiue, 267
A weake 'bond' holds you. [*Points to HERM.*] Ile not trust
your word!

Lyf. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so! [*Throws HERM. off.*

Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
'Hate' mee! wherefore? O me! what newes, my loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyfander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while. 274
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet 'since night,' you left mee;
Why then, 'you left mee' (ð, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lyf. I, by my life!
And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore* be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine! nothing truer! tis no ieast, 280
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*!

Her. O mee! ¶ [*To HEL.*] You iuggler! you canker blossome!
You theefe of loue! what? haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine, I faith! 284

257. *Dem.* would have said to *Lyfander* (who is followd abuv). F reads
Hermia, 'No, no: heele not fight!
He loves his own skin too well!' 'No, no, Sir, seeme,' &c.
or something of the kind.—Sped- 260. *off*] Q2, F. of Q.
*279. *Therefore*] Q2, F. *Therefore* Q.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What? will you teare
Impatient answeres from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy! you counterfait, you puppet, you! 288

Her. 'Puppet'? Why, so! I, that way goes the game!
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare
Betweene our stature; she hath vrg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage, 292
Her 'height,' (forsooth!) she hath preuaild with him.
¶ And are you growne so 'high' in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe?

How 'lowe' am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake! 296
How 'lowe' am I? I am not yet so 'lowe,'

But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes! [*makes at HEL.*

Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentlemen,*
Let her not hurt me! [*Gets behind them.*] I was neuer curst;
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;

I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not strike mee! You, perhaps, may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe, 304
That I can match her! . . .

Her. 'Lower'! harke, againe!

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me!
I euermore did loue you, *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you; 308
Saue that, in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.

He followed you; for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee 312
To strike mee, spurne mee; nay, to kill mee too†:

And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe! [*Turns to go.* 316
You see how simple, and how fond, I am! [*Comes back.*

Herm. Why! get you gon! Who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart! that I leaue here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyfander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*! 320

*299. *gentlemen*] Q2, F. gentleman Q.

†313. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Lys. Be not afraid! she shall not harme thee, *Helena!*
Deme. No, fir; she shall not! though you take her part!
Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd!
 She was a vixen, when she went to schoole: 324
 And though she be but little, she is fierce!
Her. 'Little' againe! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
 ¶ Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?
 Let me come to her! [*tries to come*]
Lys. [*pushing her off*] Get you gon, you dwarfe! 328
 You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made!
 You bead! you acorne!
Deme. You are too officious,
 In her behalfe, that scornes your seruices.
 Let her alone! speake not of *Helena!* 332
 Take not her part! For, if thou dost intend
 Neuer so little shewe of lone to her,
 Thou shalt aby it!
Lys. Now she holdes me not!
 Now follow, (if thou dar'st,) to try whose right, 336
 Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena!*
Deme. 'Follow'? Nay! Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.
 [*Exeunt* *LYSANDER* & *DEMETRIUS.*]*
Her. You, mistresse! all this coyle is long of you! 339
 [*HEL. draws back*] Nay! goe not backe!
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
 Nor longer stay in your curst company! 341
 Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
 My legges are longer, though, to runne away! [*Runs off.*]
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say! [*Exit.* 344

Advance, OBERON and PUCKE.†

Ob. This is thy negligence! still thou mistak'st,
 Or else commitst thy knaueries wilfully!
Puck. Beleeue mee, King of Shadowes, I mistooke!
 Did not you tell mee, I shoud 'know the man
 By the *Athenian* garments he had on'?¹ 349
 And, so farre blamelesse prooues my enterprife,
 That I haue noited an *Athenians* eyes: 351

*338. *Exeunt* . . .] *Exit* . . . F. | †344-5. *Advance* . . .] *Enter* . . . F.
 344. *Exit.*] *Exeunt.* Qq. | ¹ II. i. 263-4, p. 18.
 39 (III. ii. 321-351.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And so farre am I glad it so did sort,	
As this their iangling, I esteeme a sport !	353
Ob. Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight :	
Hy therefore, <i>Robin</i> ! ouercast the night !	355
The starry welkin, couer thou anon,	
With drooping fogge as blacke as <i>Acheron</i> ,	357
And lead these teafy Riuals so asfray,	
As one come not within anothers way.	359
Like to <i>Lyfander</i> , sometime frame thy tongue ;	
Then stirre <i>Demetrius</i> vp with bitter wrong ;	361
And sometime raile thou like <i>Demetrius</i> ;	
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus ;	363
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting sleepe,	
With leaden legs, and Batty wings, doth creepe :	365
Then crush this hearbe into <i>Lyfanders</i> eye ; [<i>gives the hearbe.</i>	
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,	367
To take from thence all errour, with his might,	
And make his eyebals roule with wonted fight.	369
When they next wake, all this derision	
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision ;	371
And backe to <i>Athens</i> shall the louers wend,	
With league, whose date, till death shall neuer end.	373
Whiles I, in this affaire, do thee employ,	
Ile to my Queene, and beg her <i>Indian</i> boy :	375
And then I will her charmed eye release	
From monstres viewes ; and all things shall be peace !	377
Puck. My Faierie Lord, this must be done with haste,	
For Nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast,	379
And yonder shines <i>Auroras</i> harbinger ; [<i>points to the East.</i>	
At whose approach, Ghosts, wandring here and there,	381
Troope home to Churchyards : damned spirits all,	
(That in crosse-waies and floods haue buriall,)	383
Already to their wormy beds are gone,	
For feare leaft day should looke their shames vpon :	385
They wilfully themselues exile from light,	
And must for aye comfort with black-browed night !	387
Ober. But we are spirits of another sort !	
I, with the Mornings Loue, haue oft made sport,	389
And, like a forrefter, the groues may tread,	
Euen till the Easterne gate, all fiery red,	391
III. ii. 352-391.]	

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Opening on *Neptune* with faire bleffed beames,
Turnes into yellow golde, his falt greene streames. 393
But notwithstanding,* haste! make no delay!
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day. [Exit. 395
Pu. Vp & down, vp & down,
I will lead them vp & down!
I am feard in field & town!
Goblin, lead them vp & downe! 399
Here comes one!

Re-enter LYSANDER. (*ROBIN shifts places.*¹)

Lyf. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now!

Rob. Here, villaine! drawne & ready! Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight!

Rob. Follow me then

To plainer ground! [Exit *LYS.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Deme. *Lyfander*! speake againe! 404

Thou runaway, thou coward! art thou fled?

Speake! in some bush? Where doest thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the starres,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for warres, 408
And wilt not come? Come, recreant! come, thou childe!
Ile whippe thee with a rodde! He is defil'd, 410
That drawes a sword on thee!

De. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice! wee! try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on:

When I come where he calles, then he is gon! 414

The villaine is much lighter-heel'd then I!

I followed fast; but faster he did fly; 416

That, fallen am I in darke vneauen way,

And here will rest me. [*Lyes† down.*] ¶Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou shewe me thy gray light,

Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight! [*Sleeps.* 420

*394. notwithstanding] Q2, F. |
notwithstanding Q.

¹ See lines 1, 4, next page.
†418. *Lyes down.*] lye down. F.
[III. ii. 392-420.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Re-enter ROBIN (*shifting places*),¹ and DEMETRIUS.

Robi. Ho, ho, ho! Coward! why comst thou not?

Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'st! For well I wot 422
Thou runst before mee, shifting euery place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face. 424
Where art thou now?

Rob. Come hither! I am here!

De. Nay then, thou mockst me! Thou shalt* buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light see!
Now, goe thy way! (Faintnesse constraineth mee 428
To meafure out my length on this cold bed :)
By daies approach, looke to be vifited! [*Lies down & sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night, 431
Abate thy houres! shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest! 434
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie! 436
[*Lies down & sleeps.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more!
Two of both kindes makes vp fower. 438
Heare thee comes, curst and sadde!
Cupid is a knauish ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde! 441

Re-enter HERMIA.†

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe, 442
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe!
My legges can keepe no pafe with my desires! 445
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day.
Heauens shielde *Lyfander*, if they meane a fray! 447
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter . . .] Robin, and Deme-
trius. Qq. Enter Robin and De-
metrius. F.

¹ F has '*shifting places*' opp.
III. ii. 421-447.]

'fly,' l. 416.

*426. *shalt*] Q2, F. shat Q.

†441. *Re-enter* . . .] Enter Her-
mia. Q2, F (after line 440).

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Rob. On the ground,
 Sleepe found! 449
 Ile apply
 To your eye, [Squeezes iulce on *LYS.*'s eyelids.
 Gentle loue, remedy! 452
 When thou wak'ft,
 Thou tak'ft 454
 True delight,
 In the fight 456
 Of thy former ladies eye:
 And the country prouerbe knowne,
 That 'euery man should take his owne,'
 In your waking shall be shoven: 460
 'Iacke shall haue *Ill*:'
 Nought shall goe ill:
 'The man shall haue his mare again,' & 'all shall be well!' 463
 [They sleepe all the next Act, to l. 143.*

Actus Quartus.† Scena Prima.

*The Wood, where LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, &
 HERMIA lie asleep. April 30; May 1.*

*Enter Queene of Faeries, and Clowne (BOTTOM), and
 Faeries (PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB, MUSTARDSEED, &
 the rest): and the King (OBERON) behinde them, vnseene.*

Tita. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, 1
 [She pulls him down.

While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy! [kisses em.
Clown. Where's *Pease-blossome*?

Pea. Ready!

Clow. Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome*! ¶ Wher's
 Mounsfieur *Cobweb*? 8

Cob. Ready!

Clo. Mounsfieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsfieur, get you your
 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee

451. To your] Rowe. your Q2, |
 F.

*463. They sleepe all the Act. F.
 † Actus Quartus.] F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

on the toppe of a thistle! and, good Mounsfieur, bring mee the hony bagge! Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsfieur! and, good Mounsfieur, haue a care the hony bagge breake not! I wold be loath to haue you ouerflown with a honibag, *fignior*. ¶ Where's Mounsfieur * *Mustardseede*? 17

Must. Readie!

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsfieur† *Mustardseede*! [*Shakes his hand.*] Pray you, leane your curtsie, good Mounsfieur!

Must. What's your will? 21

Clo. Nothing, good Mounsfieur, but to helpe Caualery *Cobwebbe* to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounsfieur; for me thinkes I am maruailles hairy about the face; And I am such a tender Affe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch! 26

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete loue?

Clo. I haue a reafonable good eare in 'musique.' Lets haue the tongs and the bones!

[*Muficke of Tongs & Bones, Rurall Muficke.*]

Tyta. Or say, sweete loue, what thou desir'st‡ to eate. 30

Clo. Truely, a pecke of prouander! I could mounch your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay! Good hay, sweete hay, hath no fellow!

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seeke 34
The Squirils hoord, and fetch thee *thence* newe nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried pease! But, I pray you, let none of your people stirre me: I haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon mee. 38

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes!

¶ Faeries, be gon, and be alwaies away! [*Exeunt Faeries.*]

¶ So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honifuckle,

[*Winds him in her armes.*]

Gently entwist: the female Iuy, fo

Entring the barky fingers of the Elme. 42

*16. *Mustardseede*] *Mastardseede*
Q. Mustardseed, Q2, F.

†19. *Mounsfieur*] Q2, F. *Moun-*
neur Q.

24. *maruailles*] Q. *maruailous*
Q2. *maruallous* F. See note on

III. i. 2, p. 240.

‡30. *desir'st*] *desirest* Q1, 2, F.
But the line is Tytania's, and verse.

35. *thee thence*] *Hanmer. thee*
Q1, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

O, how I loue thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleeps.*]

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*! Seest thou this sweete fight?
Her dotage, now I doe beginne to pittie; 46

[*Points to* TIT. & BOTTOM.

For, meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraide her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded 50
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same deawe, which sometime on the budde
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes, 54
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,
I then did aske of her her changeling childe: 58
Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent,
To beare him to my bower in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes. 62
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transform'd scalpe [*points to* BOT.
From off* the heade of this *Athenian* swaine;
That, hee awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire, 66
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearce vexation of a Dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene. 69

[*Squeezes iuice on her Eyes.*]

¶ Be, as thou wast wont to bee!
See, as thou wast wont to see! 71
Dians budde, ore *Cupids* flower,
Hath such force, and blessed power. 73

Now, my *Titania*! wake you, my sweete Queene! [*She wakes.*]

Tita. My *Oberon*! what visions haue I seene!

Me thought I was enamourd of an Affe.

Ob. There lyes your loue! [*points to* BOTTOM.

*64. off] Q2, F. of Q.

72. ore = over] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). or Q1, 2, F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Tita. How came thefe things to paffe?
O, how mine eyes doe loath his viſage now! 78

Ob. Silence a while! ¶ *Robin*, take off this head!
¶ *Titania*, muſicke call! and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe, of all theſe five, the ſenſe! 81
Ti. Muſick, howe! muſick! ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.

[*Muſick, ſtill.**]

Rob. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fools eyes
peepe! [*takes the Aſſes head off* **BOTTOM.** 83

Ob. Sound, Muſick! Come, my queen! take hands with
me, [*They take hands & dance.*
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be! 85

Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnely 87
Daunce, in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire proſperitie. 89

There ſhall the paires of faithfull louers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollitie. 91

Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke!
I do heare the morning Larke. 93

Ob. Then, my Queene, in ſilence ſad,
Trippe we after nights ſhade: 95
We, the Globe, can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone. 97

Tita. Come, my Lord! and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night, 99
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground! 101

[*Exeunt. Sleepers Lye ſtill.†*
[*VVinde horne.*]

Enter THESEUS and all his traine, with HIPPOLITA & EGEUS.
May 1, Daybreak.

The. Goe, one of you! finde out the forreſter!
For now our obſeruation is performde:

81. *ſue*] Theobald (Thiriby | 84-91: eight rimes in *a*. See p.
conj.). fine Q1, 2, F. | 28.

82. *howe*] ho Q2, F.

*82. *Muſick, ſtill*] F. = *ſoft* muſic.

95. *after*] Q1. after the Q2, F.

†101. *Sleepers...*] F. Exeunt. Qq.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds! 105
Vncouple! in the westerne vallie let them goe!
Dispatch, I say, and finde the forrester!

[Exit one of the Traine.

¶ Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppes,
And marke the musicall confuſion 109
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare 113
Such gallant chiding! For, besides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seemd all one mutuall cry: I neuer heard
So musicall a discord, such sweete thunder! 117

Thef. My hounds are bred out of the '*Spartane*' kinde,
So flew'd, so fanded; and their heads are hung
VVith eares that sweepe away the morning deawe;
Crooke-kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theffalian* Bulls; 121
Slowe in pursuit, but matcht in mouth like bells,
Each vnder each. A 'cry' more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In '*Creete*,' in '*Sparta*,' nor in *Theffaly*! 125
Iudge when you heare! [*Sees the Sleepers.*] But soft! What
nymphes are these?

Egeus. My Lord! this is* my daughter heere a-sleepe!
[points to each in turn.

And this, *Lyfander*! this, *Demetrius* is!
This, *Helena*! old *Nedars Helena*! 129
I wonder of their being heere together!

The. No doubt they rose vp earely, to obserue
The right¹ of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnitie . . . 133

¶ But speake, *Egeus*! is not this the day,
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choyce?

Egeus. It is, my Lord!

Thefe. Goe bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes!

116. Seemd] F2. Seeme Q1, 2, F. *127. this is] Q2, F. this Q.
¹ right = rite.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

*Winde hornes. Shoute within: the sleepers, all but BOTTOM,
wake & start vp.*

The. Good morrow, friends! Saint *Valentine* is past! 138
¶ Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyf. Pardon, my Lord! [all kneel.

The. I pray you all, stand vp. [they rise.

I know you two are Riual enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde, 142
That hatred is so farre from iealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie?

Lyf. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly, 145

Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truely say how I came here; 147

But as I thinke, (for truely would I speake,)—
And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is,—
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent 150

Was, to be gon from *Athens*; where we might,
Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord! you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head! 154

They would haue stolne away! ¶ They would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife! 158

Deme. My Lord! faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I, in fury, hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee. 162

But, my good Lord, I wote not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my loue to *Hermia*
(Melted as the snowe,) seemes to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude, 166

Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiekt and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*! To her, my Lord, 170
Was I betrothed, ere I saw *Hermia*:

Winde . . .] Shoute within: they all start vp. *Winde hornes. Q.*
171. *saw*] *Steevens.* see *Q1, 2, F.*

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

But, like in sicknesse, did I loath this foode;
But, as in health, come to my naturall tasfe,
Now I doe with it, loue it, long for it, 174
And will for euermore be true to it!

The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met!
Of this discourfe, we more will here anon.
¶ *Egeus*, I will ouerbear your will; 178

For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, (for the morning now is fomthing worne,) 182
Our purpof'd hunting shall be fet afide.

¶ Away, with vs, to *Athens*! Three and three, 184
Weele holde a feaft in great folemnitie.

¶ Come, *Hyppolita*!
[*Exeunt THESEUS & all his traine, with HYPPOLITA & EGEUS.*

Deme. These things feeme fmall and vndiftinguifhable, 186
Like farre off mountaines turn'd into clouds!

Her. Me thinks I fee thefe things with parted eye,
When euery thing feemes double!

Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I haue found * *Demetrius*, like a iewell, 190
Mine owne, and not mine owne!

Dem. Are you fure
That we are awake? It feemes to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame! Do not you thinke
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him? 194

Her. Yea, and my father! . . .

Hel. And *Hyppolita*! . . .

Lyf. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple!

Dem. Why, then, we are awake! lets follow him,
And, by the way, let vs† recount our dreames! 198

[*Exeunt* Louers.‡]

[*BOTTOME wakes.*§] *Clo.* When my cue comes, call mee,
and I will anfwere. My next is, '*moſt faire Pyramus.*'

172. *in*] Steevens (Farmer conj.).
a Q1, 2, F.

*190. *found*] Q2, F. fonnd Q.

†198. *let vs*] Q2, F. lets Q.

‡198. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit Louers. F.

§199. *Bottome wakes.*] F.

200. *most faire Pyramus*] No
such cue is in the Enterlude: see

V. i. 187. 'Most radiant P.' III. i.
80.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Hey ho! [yawns] *Peeter Quince! Flute*, the bellows-mender!* *Snout* the tinker! *Starueling!* Gods my life! *Stolne* [202 hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a most rare vision! I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say what dreame it was! Man is but an Ass, if hee goe about to† expound this dreame. Me thought I was . . . there is no man can tell what! Me thought I was . . . and me thought I [207 had . . . But man is but a patcht‡ foole, if hee will offer to say what mee thought I had! The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seene, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, [211 what my dreame was! I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*, because it hath no 'bottome': and I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit. 216

Actus Quartus. § Scena Secunda.

Athens. QUINCES House. May 1.

· *Enter QUINCE, FLUTE (cald THISBY), SNOOT and STARUELING.*||

Quin. Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come home yet?

*Staru.*** Hee cannot be heard of! Out of doubt he is transported! 4

Thysf. If hee come not, then the Play is mard! It goes not forward: Doth it?

Quin. It is not possible! You haue not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he! 8

Thysf. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in *Athens*.

*201. mender] Q2, F. menders Q.
†205-6. to expound] Q2, F. ex-
pound Q.

‡208. a patcht] a patch'd F.
patcht a Q1, 2.

215. a Play] our Play S. Walker
conj.: probably right.

IV. i. 201-216; ii. 1-10.]

216. her] = Thisby's. Collier.
216. Exit.] Q2, F.

§ *Actus Quartus*] F. Qq. om.
|| *Flute*, &c.] *Flute*, *Thisbie*, *Snout*,
and *Starueling*. F. *Flute*, *Thisby*,
and the rabble. Q1, 2.

**3. *Staru.*] F. *Flut*. Q1, 2.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Quin. Yea, and the best perfon too; and hee is a very
Paramour, for a fweete voice! 12

Thyf. You muft fay, 'Paragon.' A 'Paramour' is (God
bleffe vs!) a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG, the Ioyner (who's to play Lion).

Snug. Mafters, the Duke is comming from the Temple;
and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married.
If our fport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men! 17

Thyf. O fweete bully *Bottom*! Thus hath hee loft fix
pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue fcaped fixe
pence a day! And the Duke had not giuen him fix pence a
day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hang'd! He would haue
deferued it! Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing! 22

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are thefe lads? Where are thefe harts?

[they gather round him.]

Quin. *Bottom*! O moft couragious day! O moft happy houre!

Bot. Mafters! I am to difcourfe wonders: but afke me
not what! For if I tell you, I am no* true *Athenian*! . . . I will
tell you euery thing, right as it fell out! 27

Quin. Let vs heare, fweete *Bottom*!

Bot. Not a word of mee! All that I will tell you, is, that the
Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together; good ftrings
to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes; meete prefently
at the palace; euery man looke ore his part! For, the fhort and
the long is, our play is preferd! In any cafe let *Thyf* [33
haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plaies the Lyon, pare
his nailes; for they fhall hang out for the Lyons clawes.
And, moft deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke! for we
are to vtter fweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them
fay, 'it is a fweete Comedy!' No more wordes! Away! go!
away! *[Exeunt.† 39]*

II. 100] Q2, F. to Q.

*26. no] F. not Q1, 2.

†39. *Exeunt.*] F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

Athens. The palace of THESEUS. May 1.

*Enter (from the Temple) THESEUS, his Dutchesse
HYPPOLITA, and all his traine, with PHILOSTRATE.*

Hip. Tis strange, my *Thefeus*, that these louers speake of!

The. More 'straunge' then true! I neuer may beleuee

These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, 4

Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

More then coole reason euer comprehends.

The lunaticke, the louer, and the Poet,

Are of imagination all compact: 8

One, sees more diuels then vast hell can holde:

That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,

Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt*.

The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, 12

Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.

And, as Imagination bodies forth

The formes of things vnknowne, the Poets penne

Turnes them to shapes, and giues to aery nothing, 16

A locall habitation, and a name.

Such trickes hath strong imaginatiön,

That, if it would but apprehend some ioy,

It comprehends some bringer of that ioy; 20

Or in the night, imagining some feare,

How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare!

Dutch. Hyp. But all the story of the night told ouer,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 24

More witnesse then Fancies images,

And growes to something of great constancy;

But, howsoeuer, strange and admirable!

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth! 28

*Enter, the married Louers; LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,
HERMIA and HELENA.*

Ioy, gentle friends! ioy, and fresh daies of loue,

* *Actus Quintus*] F. 28. *Enter . . .*] Qq, F (after l. 27).

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Accompany your hearts !

Lyf. More then to vs,
Waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde ! 31

The. Come now ! what maskes, what daunces, shall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours,
Betweene our* after-supper, & bed-time ?

Where is our vsuall manager of mirth ?
What Reuels are in hand ? Is there no play, 36
To ease the anguish of a torturing hower ?

¶ Call *Philostrate* !

Philostrate. Here, mighty *Thefeus* ! 38

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening ?
What maske ? what musicke ? How shall we beguile 40
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight ?

Philoft. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.

[*Gives THESEUS a list of Sports.*]

Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see first !

The. [*reads*] '*The battell with the Centaures, to be sung* 44
By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe ?'

(Weele none of that ! That, haue I tolde my loue,

In glory of my kinfman *Hercules*.)
'*The ryot of the tipfie Bachanals,* 48
'*Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage ?*'

(That is an olde deuise ; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conquerer.)
'*The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death* 52
'*Of learning, late deceast in beggery ?*'

(That is some *Satire* keene and criticall,
Not forting with a nuptiall ceremony.)

'*A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus* 56
'*And his loue Thisby : very tragicall mirth ?*'

¶ Merry, and 'tragicall' ? 'Tedious,' and 'briefe'

That is, hot *Ife*, and wondrous† strange inow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord ? 60

Philoft. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long :

(Which is as 'briefe' as I haue knowne a play :)

But, by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,

*34. *our*] F. Or Q1, 2.

†59. *wondrous*] Q2, F. wondrous Q (? read *stain'd* for *strange*).

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

- Which makes it 'tedious'; For, in all the Play, 64
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And 'tragicall', my noble Lord, it is;
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himselfe.
Which, when I saw rehearse, I must confesse, 68
Made mine eyes water; but more merry teares,
The passion of loud laughter neuer shed.
Thefe. What are they, that doe play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men, that worke in *Athens* here, 72
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now,
And now haue toyed their vnbreathed memories
With this same Play, against your nuptiall.
The. And wee will heare it!
Phi. No, my noble Lord! 76
It is not for you! I haue heard it ouer,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine, 80
To do you seruice.
The. I will heare that play!
For neuer any thing can be amisse,
When simplenesse and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in! ¶ and take your places, Ladies! 84
[Exit *PHILOSTRATE.*]
Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty, in his seruice, perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He sayes, they can doe 'nothing' in this kinde. 88
The. The 'kinder' we, to giue them thanks for 'nothing'.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit. 92
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes:
Where I haue seene them shiner and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences, 96
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And, in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome: Trust me, sweete,
Out of this silence, yet I pickt a welcome: 100
V. i. 64-100.] 54

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity, 104
 In leaft, speake most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your Grace, the Prologue is adrest!
Duk. Let him approach! [*Florish of Trumpets.*]

Enter the Prologue, Manager QUINCE, the Carpenter.*

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will. 108
 That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end. 111
 Consider then, we come but in despight.

We doe not come, as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,
 Wee are not here. That you should here repent you, 115

The Actors are at hand, and, by their shewe,
 You shall know all, that you are like to knowe. 117

The. This fellow doth not stand vpon points!

Lyf. He hath rid his Prologue like a rough Colte: hee
 knowes not the stoppe. A good morall, my Lord! It is not
 enough to speake; but to speake true! 121

Hyp. Indeed, he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child
 on a Recorder; a sound, but not in gouernement.

The. His speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing im-
 paired, but all disordered. Who is next? 125

†TAWYER with a Trumpet before them:

*Enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOM the Weaver), and THISBY (FLUTE
 the Bellowes-Mender), and WALL (SNOUT the Tinker),
 and MOONE-SHINE (STARUELING the Tailor), and LYON
 (SNUG the Ioiner).*

Prologue. Gentles! perchance you wonder at this show; 126
 But wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

107. *Florish of Trumpets*] Flor.
 Trum. F1.

*108. *Quince*] F.

122. *this*] Q1, 2. his F.

†125-6. *Tawyer*...] F. T. was,
 no doubt, a Player of the Globe
 Company.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe ;
[Points to each in turn.
This beautious Lady, Thisby is certaine.* 129
This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present 130
Wall, that vile wall which did these louers sunder ;
And through wals chinke, poore foules, they are content
To whisper. (At the which, let no man wonder.) 133
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne, 134
Presenteth Moone-shine ; For, if you will know,
By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne
To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there, to wooe. 137
This grizly beast, (which Lyon hight by name,)
The trusty Thysby, (comming first by night,)
Did scarre away, or rather, did affright ;
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ; 141
Which Lyon vile, with bloody mouth did slaine.
Anon comes Pyramus, (sweete youth, and tall,)
And findes his trusty Thisbyes mantle slaine : 144
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade, 145
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breast ;
And Thisby, taryng in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest, 148
Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine. [Exit. 150
The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.
Demet. No ' wonder ', my Lord ! One ' Lyon ' may, when
many Affes doe. 153
[Exeunt Lyon, PYRAMUS, THYSBY, and Mooneshine.
Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snowt† (by name) present a wall : 155
And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a cranied hole or chinke, 157
Through which the louers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often, very secretly. 159
This lome, this roughcast, and this stone, doth shoue
That I am that same wall : the truth is so. 161
And this the cranie is, right and sinister,
[Holds up his fingers thus <

*129. *Thisby*] Q2, F. Thsby Q. 153. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit . . . Q9, F.

†155. *Snowt*] F. Flute Q1, 2.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper. 163

The. Would you desire lime and haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse, my Lord!

*Re-enter BOTTOM as PYRAMUS.**

The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: silence! 167

Py. O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue so blacke!

O night, which euer art, when day is not!

O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!

I feare my Thisbyes promise is forgot! 171

¶ And thou, o wall, o sweete, o louely wall, 172

That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine!

Thou wall, o wall, O sweete and louely wall!

Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through with mine eyne! 175

[SNOOT holds up his hand, with his fingers thus <

Thankes, courteous wall! Ioue shield thee well, for this! 176

But what see I? No Thisby doe I see!

O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse!

Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee! 179

The. The wall, mee thinkes, being sensible, should 'curse' againe!

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not! 'Deceiuing mee' is Thisbyes cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you: yonder she comes! 185

Re-enter FLUTE as THISBY.

This. O wall! full often hast thou heard my mones,

For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee!

My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;

Thy stones, with lime and hayre knit vp in thee.† 180

Pyr. I see a voice! now will I to the chinke,

To spy and I can heare my Thisbyes face.

Thisby!

This. My loue! thou art my loue, I thinke!

Py. 'Thinke' what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace; 193

And, like Limander, am I trusty still!

This. And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill! 195

*166. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Pyra- | †189. *vp in thee*] F. now againe
mus. F (after line 167). | Q1, 2.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

- Pyra. Not Shafalus, to Procrus was so true!
 Thif. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you! 197
 Pyr. O, kisse mee through the hole of this vilde wall!
 Thif. I kisse the wall's hole; not your lips at all! 199
 Pyr. Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete me straight way?
 Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay! 201
[Exeunt PYRAMUS & THISBY.]
 Wal. Thus haue I, Wall, my part discharg'd so;
 And, being done, thus wall away doth goe! [Exit Clow.* 203
 Duk. Now is the Murall downe† between the two neighbors!
 Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to
 heare without warning! 206
 Dutch. (Hyp.) This is the filliest stuffe, that euer I heard!
 Duke. The best in this kinde, are but shadownes; and the
 worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. 209
 Dutch. (Hyp.) It must be your 'imagination', then; & not
 theirs.
 Duke. If we 'imagine' no worse of them, then they of
 themselves, they may passe for excellent men! Here come
 two noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon! 214
Re-enter Lyon (SNUG), and Moone-shine (STARUELING),
 with his Lanthorne, Thorne-bush & Dogge.
 Lyon. You, Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare
 The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore,)
 May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
 When Lyon rough, in wildest rage doth roare! 218
 Then know that I (one ‡ Snug the Ioyner) am
 A Lyon-fell, nor else no Lyons damme; 220
 For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife
 Into this place, 'twere pittie, on my life! 222
 Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience!
 Deme. The very 'best' at a 'beast', my Lord, that ere I saw!
 Lyf. This Lyon is a very fox for his valour!
 Duk. True: and a goode for his discretion! 226

*203. Exit Clow.] F.
 †204. Murall downe] Pope (ed. 2).
 morall downe F. Moon vsed Q
 1, 2.
 V. i. 196-226.]

214. Cp. 'in Pyramus.' IV. ii.
 22.—W. A. Wright.
 ‡219. one] F. as Q1, 2.
 220. Lyon-fell = lion's skin, hide.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

De. Not so, my Lord! For his 'valour' cannot carry his 'discretion'; and the 'fox' carries the 'goofe'.

Duk. His 'discretion', I am sure, cannot 'carry' his 'valour'; For the 'goofe' carries not the 'fox'. It is well! leaue it to his 'discretion', and let vs listen to the Moone! 231

Moone. *This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.* . . .

(*Deme.* He should haue worne the hornes on his* head!)

Duk. He is no crescent; and his hornes are inuisible, within the circumference!) 235

Moone. *This lanthorne doth the horned moone present:*

Myselfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be. . . .

Duke. This is the greatestt errour of all the rest: the 'man should be put into the 'lanthorne'. How is it else the 'man ith Moone'? 240

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already 'in snuffe'.

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) I am aweary of this *Moone*! Would hee woulde change! 244

Duke. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet, in curtesie, in all reason, wee must stay the time!

Lyfan. *Proceede, Moone!* 248

Moon. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge. [*Points to each.*]

Deme. Why! All these should be in the 'lanthorne'; for all these are in the 'Moone'. But silence! here comes *Thisby*!

Re-enter THISBY.

Th. *This is ould Ninies tumber. Where is my loue?* 254

Lyon. [*The Lion roares.*] *Oh!* [*THISBY runs off.*]

Deme. Well roard, *Lyon*!

Duke. Well runne, *Thisby*!

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) Well shone, *Moone*! Truly, the Moone shines with a good grace. 259

[*The Lyon touzles THISBYS mantle, & stains it with blood; then Exit.*]

*233. *his*] Q2, F. nis Q.

†255. *The Lion roares.* . . . *Thisby runs off.*] F (after 'Oh,' 255).

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Duk. Well mouz'd, *Lyon* !

Dem. And then came *Pyramus* ! . . .

Lys. And so the *Lyon* vanisht ! 261

Re-enter PYRAMUS, girt with a Sword.

Pyr. Sweete *Moone*, I thanke thee for thy sunny beames ! 262

I thanke thee, *Moone*, for shining now so bright !

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,

I trust to take, of truest *Thisby*, fight ! 265

But stay: O fright ! [*Sees THISBY's mantle.*

But marke, poore knight,

What dreadfull dole is here ! 268

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it bee ?

O dainty duck ! o deare ! 271

Thy mantle good, . . .

What ! staind with blood ?

Approach, ye *Furies* fell ! 274

O *Fates*, come, come !

Cut thread and thrumme !

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell ! 277

Duke. This passion, & the death of a deare friend, would
goe neere to make a man looke sad !

Dut. (*Hyp.*) Beshrewe my heart, but I pittie the man !

Pyr. O, wherefore, *Nature*, didst thou *Lyons* frame ? 281

Since *Lyon* vilde hath here deflour'd my deare,

Which is, (no, no !) which was, the fairest dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere ! 284

Come teares, confound !

Out, sword ! and wound [*Draws his Sword.*

The pappe of *Pyramus* ! 287

I, that left pappe,

Where heart doth hoppe. 289

Thus dy I ! thus, thus, thus ! [*Stabs himselfe.*

Now am I dead !

Now am I fled !

My soule is in the sky ! 293

Tongue, loose thy light !

Moone, take thy flight !

Now dy, dy ! dy, dy, dy ! [*Dies.* 296

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Dem. No 'Die' but an ace for him; For he is but 'one'.

Lyf. Lefte then an 'ace', man; For he is dead, he is 'nothing'.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer,
and yet prooue an 'Affe'. 300

Dut. (Hyp.) How chance *Moone-shine* is gone, before *Thiſby*
comes backe, and findes her louer?

Duk. Shee will finde him, by ſtarre-light. Here ſhee
comes! and her paſſion ends the Play. 304

*Re-enter THISBY.**

Dut. (Hyp.) Me thinkes ſhe ſhould not vſe a long one, for
ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope ſhe will be briefe! 306

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance, which *Pyramus*,
which *Thiſby*, is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs!
ſhe, for a woman, God bleſſe vs!

Lyf. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweete eyes.

Deme. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet*:— 311

Thiſ. *Aſleepe, my loue?* [Shakes him.

What? dead! my doue?

O Pyramus, ariſe! 314

Speake, ſpeake! Quite dumbe?

Dead! dead? A tumble

Muſt cower thy ſweete eyes. 317

Theſe lilly lippes,

This cherry noſe,

Theſe yellow cowſlippe cheekes, 320

Are gon! are gon!

¶ *Louers, make mone!*

His eyes were greene as leekes. 323

¶ *O Siſters three!*

Come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as milke! 326

Lay them in gore,

Since you haue ſhore

With ſheeres, his threede of ſilke! 329

300. yet prooue] Q. prooue Q2, | line 302).

F. 308. warnd] Q1, 2. warrant,
mod. edd. he... bleſſe vs] F om.

*Re-enter... Enter... F (after

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

¶ Tongue, not a word!

¶ Come, trusty sword!

[Pulls P.'s sword from his left pappe.
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrow! [Stabs herſelfe.

¶ And farewell, friends!

Thus Thyſby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu!

[Dies. 335

Duke. Moone-ſhine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.*

Bott.† [Starting vp] No! I aſſure you, the wall is downe that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaſke daunce between two of our company? 341

Duke. No 'Epilogue,' I pray you! For your Play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe! For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himſelfe in *Thiſbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy! and ſo it is, truly, and very notably diſcharg'd! But come, your 'Bergomaſke'! let your 'Epilogue' alone! [A Bergomaſke Daunce. May 2. 348
The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.

Louers, to bed! tis almoſt Fairy time.

I feare we ſhall outſleepe the comming morne,

As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht. 352

This palpable-groſſe Play hath well beguil'd

The heauie gate of night! Sweete friends, to bed!

A fortnight holde we this ſolemnitie,

In nightly Reuels, and new iollity!

[Exeunt. 356

Enter PUCKE, with a broom.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyon roares, 357

And the wolfe behowls the Moone;

Whilſt the heauie ploughman ſnores,

All with weary taſke foredoone. 360

Now the waſted brands doe glowe, 361

Whilſt the ſcricch-owle, ſcricching lowd,

*337. too] Q2, F. to Q.

†338. Bott.] Bot. F. Lyon Q1, 2.

357. Lyon] Rowe. Lyons Q1, 2.

2, F.

358. behowls] Theobald (Warburton). beholds Q1, 2, F.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,
 In remembrance of a shrowde. 364
 Now it is the time of night, 365
 That the graues, all gaping wide,
 Euery one lets forth his spright,
 In the Churchway paths to glide. 368
 And wee Fairies, (that doe runne 369
 By the triple *Hecates* teame,
 From the prefence of the Sunne,
 Following darkeneffe like a dreame,) 372
 Now are frolick : not a moufe
 Shall disturbe this hallowed houle ! 374
 I am sent with broome, before,
 To sweepe the dust behinde the dore. 376

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Ob. Through the houle giue glimmering light, 377
 By the dead and drowfie fier!
 Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,
 Hop as light as birde from brier ; 380
 And this dittie, after mee,
 Sing, and daunce it trippingly ! 382
Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note ! 384
 Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bleffe this place. 386

OBERONS Song* : the Fairies sing it after him, & daunce.

Ob. Now, vntill the breake of day,
 Through this houle each Fairy stray ! 388
 To the best bride-bed will wee,
 Which by vs shall bleffed be ; 390
 And the issue there create,
 Euer shall be fortunate : 392
 So shall all the couples three,
 Euer true in louing be : 394
 And the blots of natures hand,
 Shall not in their issue stand, 396

*386. *Oberons song*] The Song. F. Song and dance. Capell.
 387-408 in italics, in F, as if they were the song.

A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,	
Nor marke prodigious, (such as are	398
Despis'd in natiuitie,)	
Shall vpon their children be.	400
With this field-deaw consecrate,	
Euery Fairy take his gate,	402
And each feuerall chamber bleffe,	
Through this palace with sweete peace!	404
And the owner of it blest,	
Euer shall in safety rest.	406
Trippe away! make no stay!	
Meete me all, by breake of day!	408
[<i>Exeunt all but PUCKE.</i>	

Epilogue.

<i>Robin.</i> If we shadowes haue offended,	
Thinke but this, (and all is mended,)	410
That you haue but slumbred here,	
While these visions did appeare.	412
And this weake and idle theame,	
(No more yielding, but a <i>DREAME</i> ,)	414
Gentles, doe not reprehend!	
If you pardon, wee will mend:	416
And, as I am an honest <i>Puck</i> ,	
If we haue vnearn'd luck,	418
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,	
We will make amends, ere long:	420
Else the <i>Puck</i> , a 'lyer' call.	
So, good night vnto you all!	422
Giue me your hands, if we be friends;	
And <i>Robin</i> shall restore amends.	[<i>Exit.</i> 424

405, 406. Q1, 2, F have these transpos'd. C. R. W., in *Illustr. Lond. News*, set 'em right.

FINIS.

NOTES.

- p. 2, I. i. 27. Scan, for 5 measures, *This man | hath b'witcht |* ; or better, for 6, *This | man hath | bewitcht |*
- p. 9, I. ii. 22. *To the rest!* . . . is 'Now go on to the rest of the Players!' (see l. 32) and then the irrepressible egoist breaks out again.—B. Nicholson.
- p. 18, II. i. 249. Scan, 'I know | a banke / where the wilde / time / blowes /'. Note the pauses wrought by the long vowels and consonant-breaks, *ild—iā, im—blā*.
- p. 43, III. ii. 461. '*Iacke shall haue Iill.*' Cp. Berowne's '*Iacke hath not Gill,*' p. 82 abuv, *L. L. Lost*, V. ii. 850, and
'All shalbe well, Iacke shall haue Gill :
Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.'
Iacke and Gill. 12. Heywood's *Three hundred Epigrammes, vpon three hundred prouerbes.* 1562.
- p. 43, III. ii. 463. Browne prints this line as two, in his *Damoiselle*, IV. ii.
- p. 43, Direction after l. 463. A friend writes, 'This alteration of F. destroys a little bit of stage history: F. means that the Actors lie asleep on the stage while the Music plays which marks the interval between the Acts. Compare stage directions in *Marston*, Vol. i, pp. 104, 132, 162-3, 178, 191, 200, 219, 253, 254, and vol. ii, pp. 88, 227, 234.' ed. Halliwell.
- p. 44, IV. i. 22-3. *to helpe Cavalery Cobwebbe to scratch.* Grey notes that Cobwebbe has 'been despatched upon a perilous adventure': see l. 12—16. He would read *Pease-blossom*. ? A slip of Shakspeare's. We keep Cobwebbe on the stage.
- p. 50, IV. i. 207-8. *me thought I had.* ? Bottom feels his head.
- p. 51, IV. ii. 11-12. Some eds. give this speech to *Snout*, who has no other speech, and *Flute's* correction, 13-14, to *Quince*, because Quince is generally the corrector of other folk. But we know that Quince 'doth not stand upon points' (V. i. 118), that 'His speech was like a tangled chaine' (V. i. 124), and that he said Bottom went 'to see a noyse that he heard'. He might therefore mistake 'Paramour' for 'Paragon'; he was but one of the 'hempen home-spunnes' (III. i. 66), 'patches, rude Mechanicals' (III. ii. 9); and we therefore hold that no sufficient reason has been shown for changing the text, in which Q1, 2, F are firm.
- p. 53, V. i. 34. *after-supper.* ? the old *re-re-supper*.
- p. 53, V. i. 39. *abridgement*, a Play. Cp. Hamlet on the Players: "they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time." II. ii. 548. (Cp. *briefe*, M. N. Dr., V. i. 42.) Or a Play as a time-shortener, pastime, entertainment.
- p. 59, V. i. 242. *in snuffe*, metaphorically, 'in anger'.
- p. 64, V. i. 420, 424. *amends.* What play had Shakspeare in hand then? The *Merchant*?
- p. 64, V. i. 423. *Giue me your hands:* clap your hands, applaud.

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